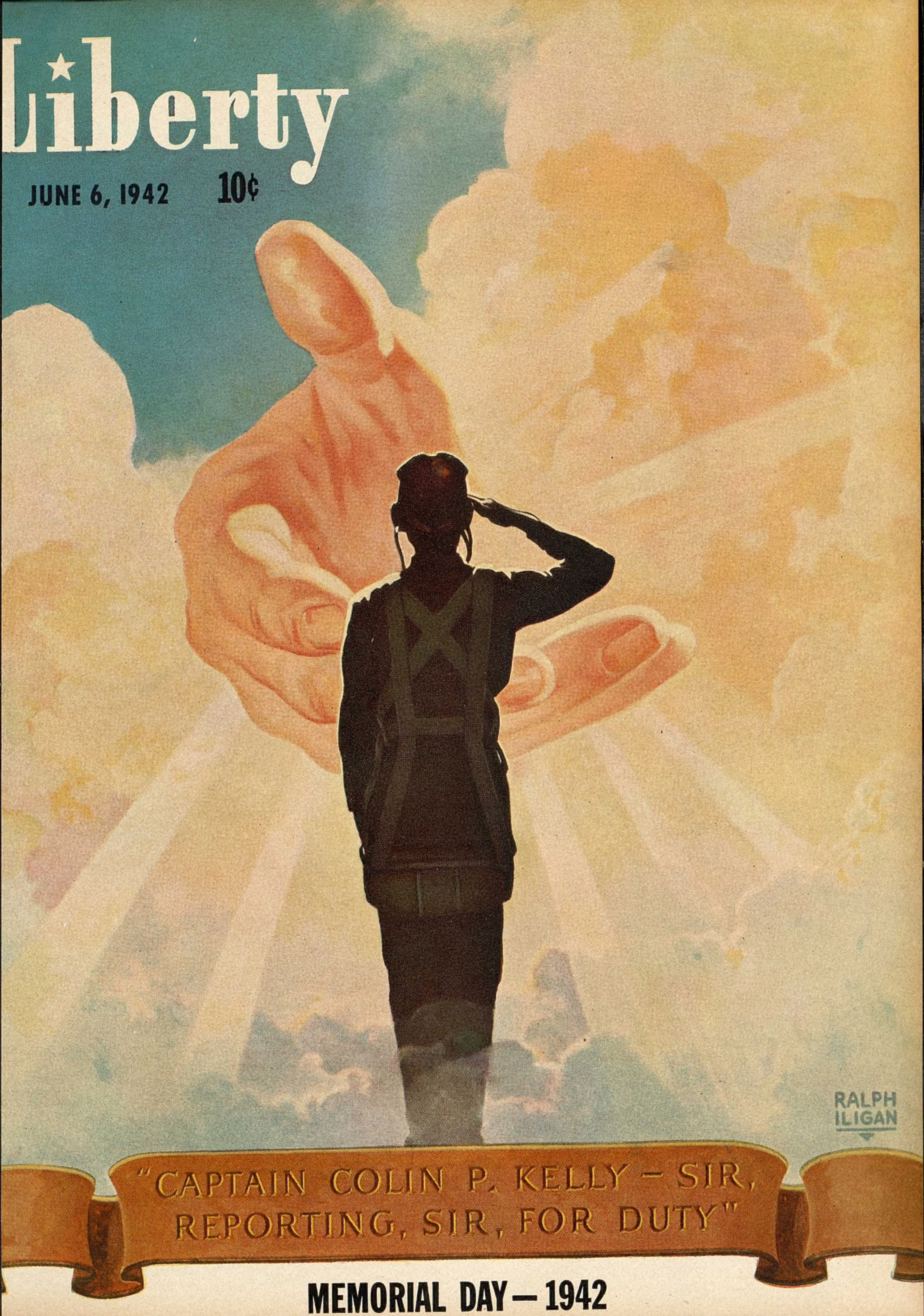
Liberty

JUNE 6, 1942 10¢


RALPH ILIGAN
"CAPTAIN COLIN P. KELLY – SIR,
REPORTING, SIR, FOR DUTY"

MEMORIAL DAY — 1942

Wine and a favorite old yarn—recipe for friendsh

Wine helps an evening along—helps people to relax a moderate way, and enjoy themselves

Next time friends stop in at your house, set out for each a glass of wine. Maybe a tray of simple appetizers. You'll find it will lead to a discovery.

As people sip wine together, it becomes plain how wine says "welcome." Not just with its warm, flashing color and interesting bouquet. Wine says welcome a deeper way.

You discover wine is made on purpose for the kind of relaxation most of us want—the moderate kind. Made to help us let up from the day's pressure and enjoy ourselves. Made to give us a chance at the comfort and help that friendship brings.

This is the principal reason more and more Americans now prefer wine.

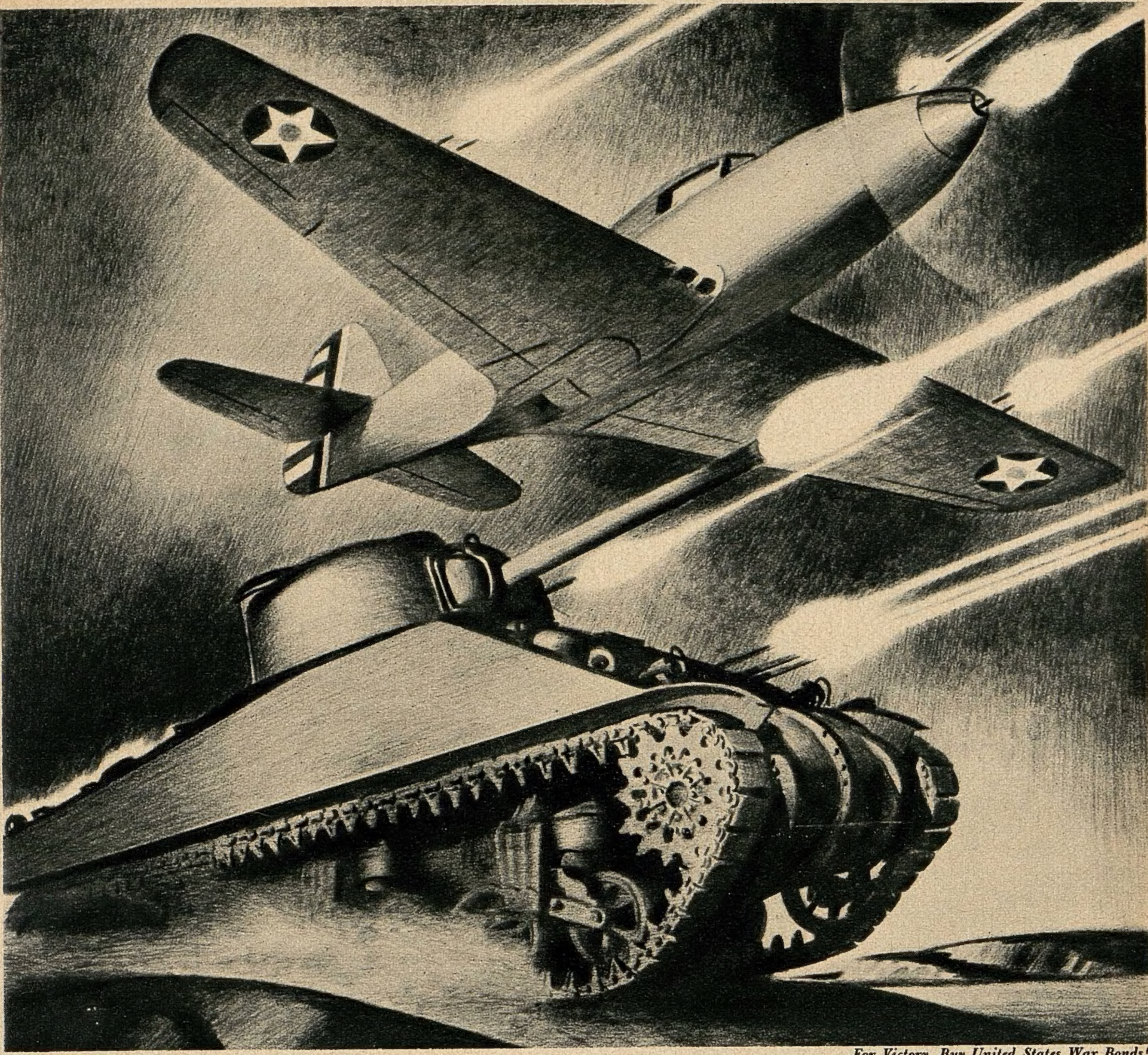
If you would like a new booklet on wine serving (and on wine cookery) write the Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second Street, San Francisco. The board represents all the wine growers of California.

What about California wines? Judges rate them excellent by any standard in the world. Sound wines that are well-developed and true to type. Ask your wine dealer to help you make selections from among these good wines of our own land.

FOR VICTORY
BUY
UNITED STATES
WAR
BONDS
AND
STAMPS

This is Muscatel—which tastes invitingly of M
grapes. You serve it as a dessert or refresh
wine. For mealtime you select a different ty
white table wine like Sauterne (with fish or chic
or red Burgundy or Claret (with roast or steak

KEEP 'EM FIRING!



For Victory, Buy United States War Bonds!

OLDSMOBILE'S ON THE OFFENSIVE!

—WITH A VAST NON-STOP PRODUCTION DRIVE THAT HAS ALREADY SPEEDED THOUSANDS OF AUTOMATIC AIRPLANE CANNON AND MILLIONS OF HIGH-CALIBER SHELL TO OUR ARMED FORCES EVERYWHERE

Ever since a year ago last March, Oldsmobile has been a major mass-production arsenal for the U. S. A.

Long before Pearl Harbor, months before the nation went on a full war-time basis, Oldsmobile men and machines were pouring out "Fire-Power" in volume. Thousands upon thousands of deadly automatic cannon for fighting planes! Millions of high-caliber shell for the field artillery and for tanks!

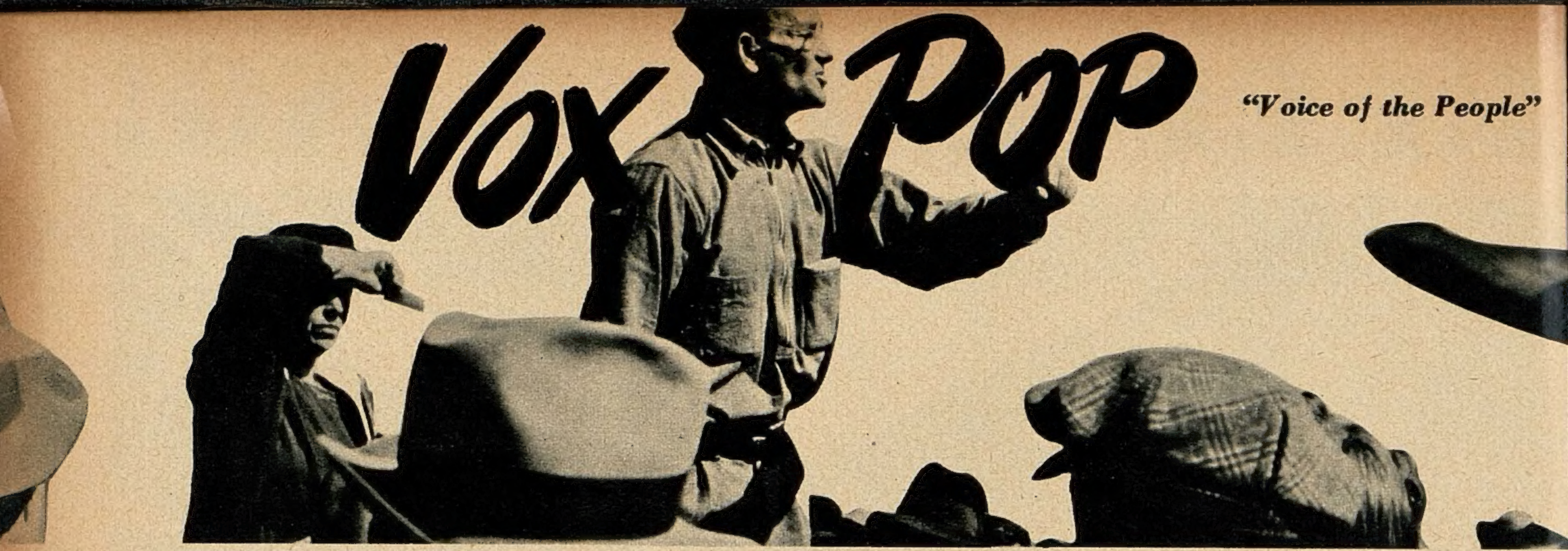
Today, Oldsmobile's offensive is getting results. The news is now coming in that Oldsmobile "Fire-Power" is dealing powerful blows at the enemy. The cannon are shooting down enemy planes. The shell are devastating enemy lines. The work of Oldsmobile's "soldiers of production" is giving a great account of itself on battle-fronts everywhere.

"Keep 'em Firing" is Oldsmobile's biggest job in 44 years! *"Keep 'em Firing"* will be the war-cry—and the *determination*—of every Oldsmobile worker until this war is won.

OLDSMOBILE DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

★ ***VOLUME PRODUCER OF "FIRE-POWER" FOR THE U. S. A.*** ★

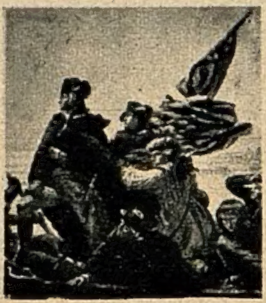
Vox Pop



"Voice of the People"

THE WRONG FLAG BUT THE RIGHT SPIRIT

Birmingham, Ala.—I am not qualified to argue with the article Defense Will Not Win the War, by Lieutenant Colonel W. F. Kernan, United States Army, but I can punch a hole in one of the pictures illustrating the article. The famous painting of George Washington Crossing the Delaware is shown. Athwartship and abaft of Washington is the Stars and Stripes.



No such flag was in existence at the time. The flag carried by Washington's troops on that memorable night consisted of thirteen stripes, red and white, with the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew in the space where the stars are now. The man who painted the picture was not born until forty years after the Delaware crossing, and he simply forgot when the flag made of stars and stripes came into being.—*J. Bunyan Atkins.*

THESE TWO MEN CAN USE EVERYBODY'S HELP

Seattle, Wash.—How much do we expect of our President? He is not a magician. He is just a loyal United States citizen, true statesman, and strategist, with endless devotion to his country, his God, and his fellow men, who happens to be chosen to lead this people through peril such as they have never before known.—*Wilmer Culver.*

El Paso, Tex.—Your May 2 editorial on General MacArthur was the best I have read. No finer man ever lived. I fought under him in World War I, and if I was able I would be over there with him now. *—Fred Cornelius, Ex-Corp., Co. K., 167 Inf., Rainbow Div.*

A LADY LAUDS LOYALTY, WITH TIE OR WITHOUT

New York, N. Y.—For the sake of fair play, will you allow an Englishwoman to take exception to that part of Mr. Walter Duranty's second article on Sir Stafford Cripps (April 25 Liberty) in which he makes didactic remarks regarding that "old school tie"?

Did you ever hear an Englishman say that a thing "just isn't done"? When he does he refers to those intangibles having to do with honor, good sportsmanship, self-obliteration, and so forth. If he "did" something that *wasn't* "done," he knows he would cast a blur upon the school whose "tie" he was proud to wear. We women wear the tie figuratively, but we share the spirit.

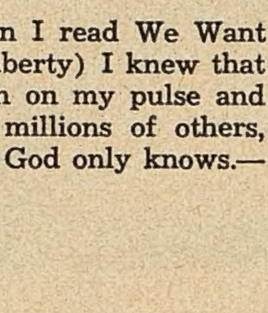
Speaking of spirit, did you ever hear of that gallant gentleman of North Pole fame who, to save food for the rest of the little band, remarked: "Just going outside for a moment, you chaps!"—and disappeared? His school can forever be proud that he wore its tie—whether it happened to be Eton or a slum.—*Norfolk Nowell.*

AN EDITORIAL THAT STRUCK HOME

Norfolk, Va.—When I read We Want to Fight! (April 25 Liberty) I knew that your fingers had been on my pulse and on that of probably millions of others, through what agency God only knows.—*Anonymous.*

INVITATION TO TROUBLE?

Laramie, Wyo.—Why is the United States government causing an infiltration of Japanese throughout the central part of our country?



In this thinly populated district they can store munitions and prepare until their time comes to strike, without any one ever finding out. The government is drafting our man power and leaving unguarded miles and miles of railroads and highways. Transportation could be tied up for months.

If I were living in Japan I would still be an American and would do all within my power to help America. Isn't it common sense to figure once a Japanese always a Japanese?—*Mrs. M. Towne.*

OH, JUST ONE OF THOSE NAZI TRICKS

Long Beach, Calif.—In the story The Conqueror's Day, by William C. White (May 2 Liberty), Colonel Von Plauen entered the dining room for breakfast at "exactly eight o'clock," ate his breakfast, went on a tour of inspection for one hour, and returned to his villa at two minutes to nine. How could he do it? I'd certainly like to know his secret.—*Mrs. Edith Shrotman.*

NAME-CALLERS AT WORK (AMEN, BROTHER KELLEY)

Chicago, Ill.—Now that the Yanks have joined with the Australian-New Zealand Army Corps (Anzacs), why not refer to the united armies as Yanzacs?—*Old Digger.*

Syracuse, N. Y.—I believe this war should be called the Last War; and make it the last. None of those countries should ever be allowed to stock up for another. *—J. A. Kelley.*

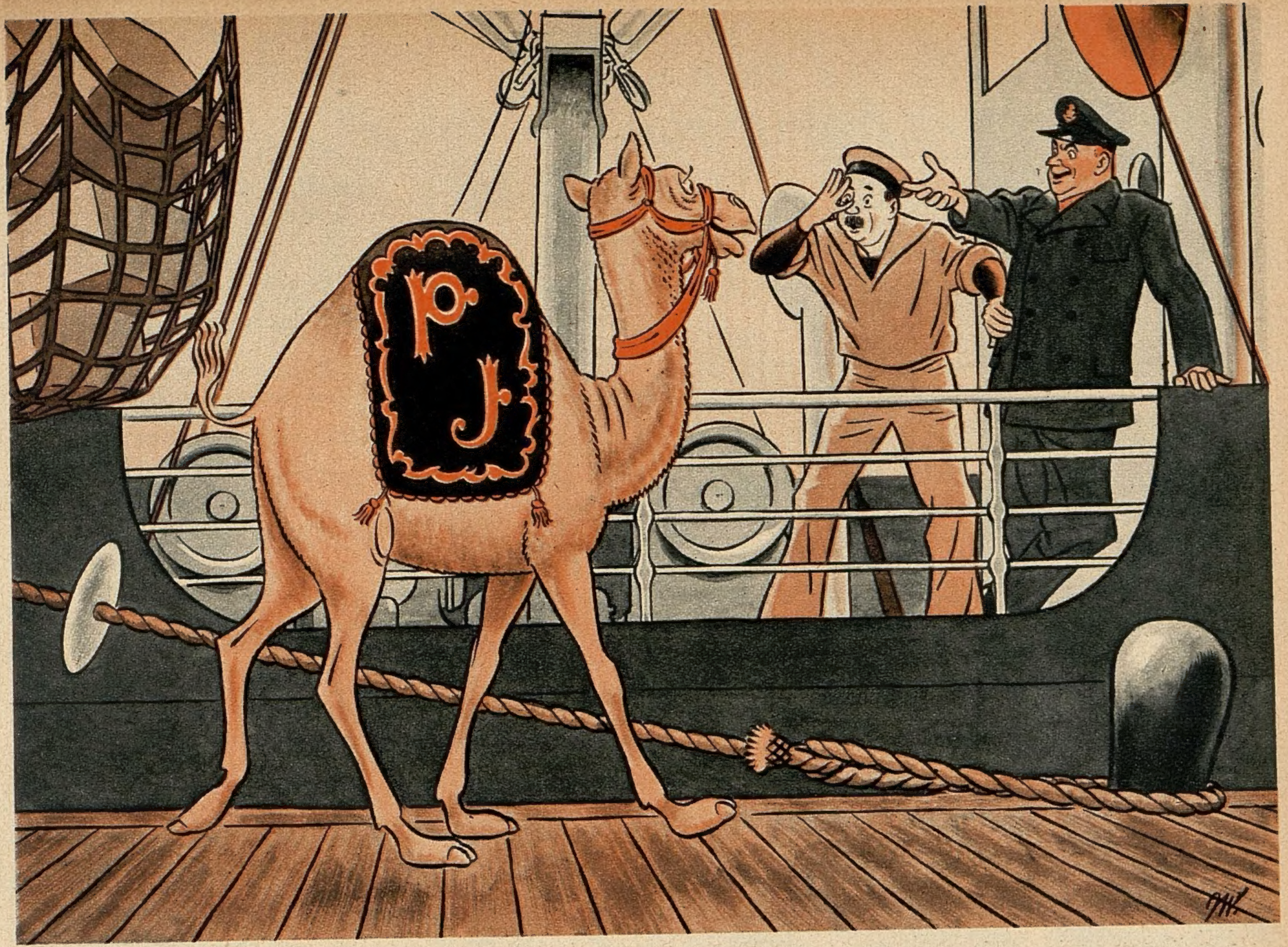
TAKE A SNIFTER OF THAT AIR FOR US, DICK

Frazer, Mont.—A good human-interest story gives a reader a feeling of full satisfaction. A Lot to Learn (April 25 Liberty), about the shipyard workers working hard and persistently, the kind of workers Uncle Sam needs, is an inspiration to all red-blooded Americans.

I have read Liberty for eleven years and I know a good story when I read one. More by Gordon Ramsey, please!

This letter was written out on the great wide open plains of dear old Montana—in the cool, invigorating evening air.—*Dick Blutalk.*

Liberty, June 6, 1942. Vol. 19, No. 23. Published weekly by Macfadden Publications, Inc., 205 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Ten cents a copy; $3.50 a year in the United States and possessions, Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries. In all other countries, $5.50 a year. In entering a new or renewal subscription or change of address please allow thirty (30) days for Liberty to reach you.
Copyright, 1942, by Macfadden Publications, Inc., in the United States and Canada. Registered at Stationers' Hall, Great Britain. Registro Nacional de la Propiedad Intelectual. All rights reserved.



'Im, 'Erbert? 'E is probably a cigarette lighter!

MAN: Now Yanks, 'Erbert, they can't stand to have a lamp or a cigarette lighter look like wot it is. It have got to look like something else. You take this 'ere camel. Why 'e probably ain't no camel at all! 'E has probably got a button on him somewheres. You press it an' 'e either lights y'r cigarette or 'e lights up the bloomin' dock.

CAMEL: Your pardon, O Noble Ally, but I *am* a camel. The Paul Jones camel.

MAN: 'Erbert, pay no attention to 'im. 'Oo ever 'eard of a proper camel walkin' about free-like? 'Erbert, let us be orf!

CAMEL: But Cousin, it is my *business* to get around! As the living symbol of that superb quality in whiskey—*dryness*—I—

MAN: *Dryness?* In *whiskey?* Garn! 'Oo ever 'eard of a *dry* whiskey?

CAMEL: In this country, O Jolly Tar, there are thousands who know and appreciate one magnificent dry whiskey. This is the superlative Paul Jones, Master, a whiskey whose peerless flavor is brought out, *to the full* by this wondrous quality of *dryness* or, as some say it, lack of sweetness.

MAN: Yerss, an' I'll wager this 'ere whiskey costs a couple of quid fer a thimbleful!

CAMEL: Nay, O Ruler of the Wave! For all the magnificence of its flavor, the price of this *dry* Paul Jones is so modest that even a seaman third class can afford it!

MAN: Coo-oo! Well now look 'ere, 'Erbert: seein' as how I introduced you to this noble beast you owe the two of us a round of this wonderful *dry* Paul Jones whiskey!

The very best buy
is the whiskey that's dry

Paul Jones

Paul Jones
A Blend of Straight Whiskies

A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

WONDERS OF AMERICA
Bombers from Brine!
THIS RATHER DRAB SCENE IS PART OF A THRILLING DEVELOPMENT IN SCIENCE
LOOKS LIKE AN ORDINARY CANAL TO ME
THAT'S JUST IT—IT IS A CANAL—BUT OUT OF THAT SEA-WATER A HUGE FACTORY DRAWS METAL VITAL TO WARPLANE PARTS
WARPLANE PARTS FROM SEA-WATER? THAT'S AMAZING!
YOU BET IT'S AMAZING. EVERY DAY 300 MILLION GALLONS OF SEA-WATER GO THROUGH THE PLANT FOR THE EXTRACTION OF MAGNESIUM
OH, MAGNESIUM! SURE, THAT'S THE METAL WEIGHING LESS THAN A QUARTER AS MUCH AS STEEL!
YOU KNOW, MAGNESIUM IN CHIPS OR POWDER IS EASILY IGNITED. IT FLASHES INTO FLAME AT A TEMPERATURE OF OVER 1,200 DEGREES
PHEW! 1200 DEGREES! MAKES ME THINK OF HOW MY PIPE USED TO FEEL BEFORE I TOOK UP WITH COOLER-BURNING PRINCE ALBERT!
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina
MAGNESIUM ALLOY PARTS CUT OVER 300 POUNDS OF WEIGHT FROM THIS BOMBER. IT'S LIGHTER YET STRONGER
THAT'S MODERN SCIENCE FOR YOU! ALSO, LOOK AT PRINCE ALBERT TOBACCO FOR EXAMPLE. IT'S MILDER YET RICHER-TASTING
THERE JUST ISN'T ANY TOBACCO LIKE PRINCE ALBERT FOR COOL, MILD, TASTY SMOKING. BESIDES, P.A. PACKS AND DRAWS BETTER, TOO—IT'S SPECIALLY CRIMP CUT
THAT'S IMPORTANT IN ROLL-YOUR-OWN SMOKES, TOO. PRINCE ALBERT ALMOST ROLLS ITSELF—EASY, FAST, FIRM, AND EVEN. AND THAT NO-BITE PROCESS SURE DOES SAVE THE TONGUE!
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

IN RECENT LABORATORY "SMOKING BOWL" TESTS, *PRINCE ALBERT* BURNED

86 DEGREES COOLER

THAN THE AVERAGE OF THE 30 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS TESTED—*COOLEST OF ALL!*

50 *PIPEFULS OF FRAGRANT TOBACCO IN EVERY HANDY POCKET CAN OF PRINCE ALBERT*

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

THIS WEEK

JUNE 6, 1942

AMERICA FIGHTS ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Horsepower Will Win!
A guest editorial by Charles F. Kettering 9
This Man's War
Old Sarge 46
The "Burma Road" to Alaska 54

PEOPLE ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Toughest Guy in Washington
Walter Karig 12
Hollywood Miracle Man—Conclusion
Frederick Van Ryn 25
Army Wife
Ruth Waterbury 30

WORLD AFFAIRS ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

When the Repulse Went Down
Cecil Brown 20

PUBLIC OPINION ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Vox Pop 4

STORIES ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Enemy Outpost—Part I
James Saxon Childers 10
The Colleen and the Yank
C. P. Donnel, Jr. 14
Uncle Cobra
Luther Davis 24
Just Like Pitching Hay
John Randolph Phillips 34
Channel Port—Conclusion
Leonard Lee 48
The Lady from Luzon—Liberty's Short Short
Dale Clark 53

FUN ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

The Sky's the Limit!
Bob Hope 19

MOVIES ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Pictures You Ought to See
Howard Barnes 33

FEMININITY ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

To the Ladies
Princess Alexandra Kropotkin 56

MISCELLANY ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Liberty's Book Tip
Donald Gordon 17
Twenty Questions 29
Crosswords 47
Just Between Ourselves
The Editors 58

Published by Macfadden Publications, Inc.

O. J. ELDER, PRESIDENT; C. H. SHATTUCK, TREASURER; HAYDOCK MILLER, SECRETARY; H. A. WISE, GENERAL MANAGER; R. A. FELDON, ADVERTISING DIRECTOR; S. O. SHAPIRO, CIRCULATION DIRECTOR.

★ ★ ★ ★

THE NAMES AND THE DESCRIPTIONS OF ALL CHARACTERS IN THE FICTION STORIES APPEARING IN LIBERTY ARE WHOLLY FICTITIOUS. IF THERE IS ANY RESEMBLANCE, IN NAME OR IN DESCRIPTION, TO ANY PERSON, LIVING OR DEAD, IT IS PURELY A COINCIDENCE.

COVER BY RALPH ILIGAN

Contributors are advised to retain copies of their material, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage and name and address, but we will not be responsible for any losses of such material.

NEXT WEEK

JUNE 13, 1942

USSIA'S PIC WAR

gainst Germany seems destined to go own in history as one of its greatest and ost surprising sagas. Hardly longer o than yesterday the democracies rearded the Soviets as a threat to the

orld's well-being. Today they are our ghting allies. The best inside story yet ritten of Russia at war is **ALEXANDER VERTH's** Moscow War Diary—a stirring eport from the Soviet capital and from e front lines by a great foreign correpondent. A generous two-part condenation of it begins in Liberty next week.

ARNUM OF EM BUMS

ould be—one guess. Right! Larry MacPhail, guiding genius of the Brooklyn odgers, beloved "bums" of baseball. **DAN ARKER**, eminent sports authority, has urned his typewriter loose on MacPhail, resenting this colorful stormy petrel of port in a number of new lights. Fan or ot, you'll be intrigued by MacPhail, just s an astonishing human being.

HE CASE OF IERRE LAVAL

as been a knotty problem for Washingon and London—not to mention Vichy tself. What kind of man is he? **PIERRE**

VAN PAASSEN, author of Days of Our ears, knows him well. For Liberty, he as remorselessly probed the dark reesses of the Frenchman's mind. It's a emarkable article.

AND: There will be fine stories by **CLIFORD DOWDEY**, **EDWIN RUTT**, **ROY HILLIOSS**, and others; brisk and pointed advice n how to keep fit in wartime, by **TERRY HUNT** of Hollywood; plenty more articles, eatures, fun. Be seeing you!

"Please don't keep this confidential—

"I have it from an absolutely reliable source that this country has plenty of all *three* of the things needed to produce large quantities of high-octane gasoline for warplane and other mechanized equipment.

"We have adequate resources of high quality crude oil, superior refining processes that were developed by America's petroleum industry and adequate production of antiknock fluid by the Ethyl Corporation.

"Put these three things together and you know why we and our Allies have the best fighting fuels."

ALL OF WHICH MEANS:

American built warplanes will—plane for plane—outfly and outfight Nazi and Jap machines. For better gasoline makes it possible for the engine designer to build a better engine.

Today our nation is reaping the benefit of the petroleum industry's many years of peacetime research. Part of this job has been the years of effort by the technologists of the Ethyl Corporation in helping to develop better fuels and engines. It is our privilege today to offer our product, technical experience and research laboratories to the cause of American victory.

ETHYL BRAND OF ANTIKNOCK FLUID IS MADE BY THE ETHYL CORPORATION

EVERY GIRL CAN LEARN ABOUT LOVE FROM RITA HAYWORTH

★

Many thought that the lovely Rita Hayworth was the happiest girl in Hollywood. In a few short years she has achieved a successful career, an excitingly new personality, and—a wealthy husband. But now she seeks her freedom from the man who paved the way to all the fine things that have happened to her since he first saw her dancing with her Spanish father in a Caliente Inn. The July Photoplay-Movie Mirror magazine reveals the daring step that the sultry-eyed Rita has undertaken—a step that leaves her alone and bewildered. Every girl who's in love, or hopes to be, will agree and sympathize with "Love and Rita Hayworth."

★ WHAT ABOUT LEW AYRES?

Our readers asked for it and here it is—the challenging truth about the case of Dr. Kildare. In other words, the refusal of Lew Ayres to fight for his country. Lew, as you know, is stationed at the Oregon camp for Conchies (conscientious objectors). However you may feel about his refusal to bear arms, you owe it to yourself and to him to read "The True Story Behind the Strange Case of Lew Ayres" in the July issue of Photoplay-Movie Mirror magazine.

★ STUNNING COLOR PORTRAITS

You'll revel in the wealth of gorgeous pictures in this issue. Besides the many black and whites and informal candid shots, there are six stunning color portraits you'll want to keep. VICTOR MATURE is one of them!

PHOTOPLAY
combined with
LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY SCREEN MAGAZINE
MOVIE MIRROR
10¢
TWO GREAT MAGAZINES FOR THE PRICE OF ONE
LOVE AND RITA HAYWORTH: The Story of a Daring Fight for Freedom

FACTS —"Should a Man Marry Before Going to War?"—Read the daring answers by six famous stars.

"Goodbye Marriage—Hello Romance"—In which Ann Sothern parts from Roger Pryor and begins a new friendship with Robert Sterling.

"You Alone"—Adela Rogers St. Johns tells what one small girl in Hollywood did for Uncle Sam.

FEATURES —You'll love the new fashion feature "You Can Look as Smart as a Star"—Photoplay-Movie Mirror's Fashion Clinic used an average business girl as a model for what can be done with smart, low-priced clothes.

PHOTOPLAY ★ MOVIE MIRROR

NEW JULY ISSUE ON SALE NOW • GET A COPY AT YOUR NEAREST NEWSSTAND

Liberty
JUNE 6, 1942

HORSEPOWER WILL WIN!

A Guest Editorial
by Charles F. Kettering

From time to time, as occasions arise, Liberty will share this page with some eminent fellow Americans—people whose views are important to the way of life for which we are fighting. We welcome this week a distinguished citizen—inventor, engineer, and vice-president of General Motors Corporation in charge of research.

WE in America hear a great deal about horsepower, because we are the largest producers and the largest consumers of horsepower in the world. In peacetime we have produced enough power to supply 15 horsepower to every man, woman, and child in the country. Of this total, more than 65 per cent has been supplied by automotive vehicles alone. This means that we have more available horsepower per individual than any other nation of the earth. In warfare the available power per individual is even greater. There is 32 horsepower available for every soldier in a modern mechanized division, or over twice as much as in peacetime. When we say we live in a machine age, what we really mean is we live in a horsepower age.

One of the most important things about horsepower is the fact that man by himself possesses so little of it. While the strongest athlete can exert as much as two and a half horsepower for perhaps a minute at a time, he is good for only about one tenth horsepower in sustained effort. The fact that this amount of power is barely sufficient to turn a twelve-inch electric fan will give you some idea of what a small amount of power we can produce by our own muscular effort. Just to make your toast in the morning requires more power than five able-bodied men can generate by turning an electric dynamo. The American housewife, though she probably never thinks of it in this way, has in her home the equivalent of at least sixty servants in electrical appliances to do her bidding. If we add to these sixty servants the seventy-five or a hundred equivalent horses stabled in the family garage, we see that the typical small American home can boast a staff that would certainly have been the envy of any medieval castle.

The first World War was simply a great proving ground for two power-using weapons, the tank and the airplane. Because the general acceptance of a new thing is always slow, no one realized that these two weapons, which augmented the feeble power of the foot soldier with that of the internal-combustion engine, at once made it possible for him to move swiftly and in any direction he chose. The airplane took the lid off every fortress and island in the world.

Then one man who did not know anything about engineering completely changed our ideas of fixed warfare and made us accept these new weapons as what they are. He started a program to build 20,000 tanks and 20,000 airplanes, and even wrote a book telling people exactly what he was doing. Every one said he was crazy. When he finally got his 20,000 tanks with from 100 to 400 horsepower each. and his 20,000 airplanes with 1,000 horsepower each, he was able to substitute horsepower politics for ordinary diplomacy. So far horsepower has won every battle. Now our job is simply to produce more horsepower than he can.

Time will show that the Axis picked the wrong opponent when they picked the United States to fight a horsepower war. We have the greatest power-producing facilities in the world. The automobile industry, for instance, has produced over 80,000,000 vehicles since 1900. If we say that each of these averages 50 horsepower, which is a very conservative rating, we see that we have produced 4,000,000,000 horsepower for use on our highways alone. In one average year we have produced over 200,000,000 horsepower.

When military men ask for huge totals of power to win the war, they are not speaking in unknown terms to the automobile industry. When we needed 200,000,000 horsepower a year to keep our American way of life in peace, industry produced it. We have learned, better than any other country, the mass production of power. Every bit of this accumulated experience, together with all the resources of management, machinery, and labor, is being used to produce more and still more horsepower to win the war.

It takes horsepower to fly at speeds of seven miles a minute. An engineer would say the horsepower required goes up as the cube of the speed. In layman's language, this means to get twice the speed we have to supply eight times the horsepower. Now we see why horsepower is so vital in obtaining air supremacy. Power means speed.

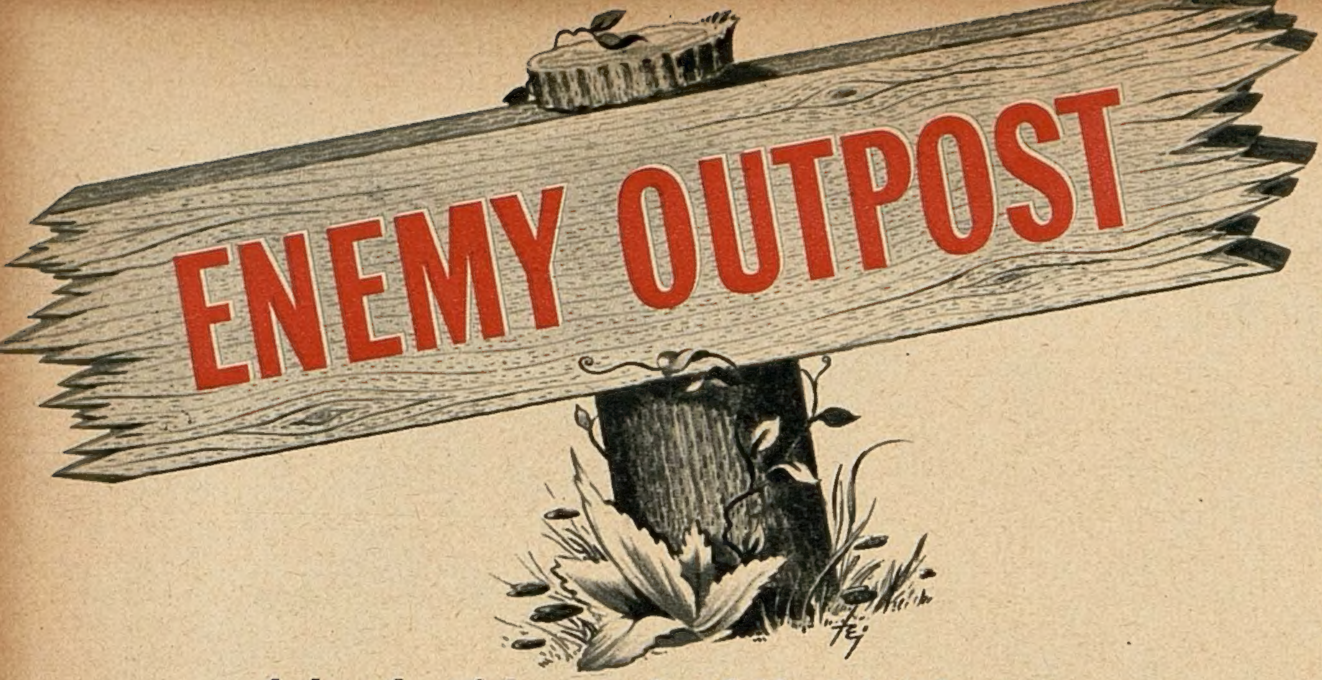
What is extremely important to us at the present time is the fact that without better fuels such powers and speeds as we require from our military planes would be impossible. It is not surprising that one man high in government office has said that high-octane fuels may be the most important single factor in the outcome of this war.

Because American industry conducted research during peacetime, we are the only country in the world with the capacity and the know-how to produce 100-octane fuel in adequate quantities for our military airplane engines. Fuel research has already added millions of horsepower to our armed forces.

We are in a war of horsepower—of Allied horsepower against Axis horsepower. American industry, which has produced the most peacetime horsepower, is now producing the most wartime horsepower. Our front lines are the engineering departments, research laboratories, and factories. Able and experienced management, skilled workmen and engineers second to none are holding these lines. All our efforts are geared to produce power and more power for the armies and navies of the United Nations.

This is a civilization of horsepower as well as a war of horsepower. When the engines of war have fired their last charge of fuel, the engines of peace will immediately start their job of rebuilding. We will not only beat the sword into the plowshare—we will convert the tremendous horsepower of war into the useful horsepower of peace.

ERNEST V. HEYN, EDITOR IN CHIEF · SHEPPARD BUTLER, EDITOR · ALFRED C. STRASSER, ART EDITOR
LEE PASQUIN, MANAGING EDITOR · OLIN H. CLARK, ASSOCIATE EDITOR · ALICE THOMPSON, ASSOCIATE EDITOR · BILL CUNNINGHAM, SPORTS EDITOR
WALTER KARIG, Washington • ROBERT LOW, War • MORRIS MARKEY, Current Events • GERALD MYGATT, Special Features • FREDERICK L. COLLINS, Special Features



ENEMY OUTPOST

A lovely girl, a web of Nazi intrigue, terror and murder and mystery! . . . A master of thrills begins a new novel of many excitements

BY JAMES SAXON CHILDERS

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

Sunday morning,
July 5, 1942.
Province of Quebec.

"DON'T get to shoot a wolf very often," Mr. McDonald said to his guide, Fred Chausse, a tall French Canadian. They were paddling back to their camp through the blackness with the proof of Mr. McDonald's marksmanship lying in the bottom of the canoe.

It was long past midnight.

"No use trying to get to sleep again tonight," he decided, when they had landed and hauled the big body ashore. "Think I'll go fish. You stay in camp and skin the wolf, Fred."

"Where you go?"

"I don't know." McDonald got into the canoe again and pushed off from shore. "I'll just go until I find the fish biting."

As he paddled out into the dark he was in fine fettle. "Hit him three times!" he exulted. "By gee, that's good shooting!"

Near the rapids of the Serpent River he pulled over to shore to wait for day to break and sat thinking how good the Lord had been to him. The William T. McDonald chain of department stores stretched from New York to Kansas City and all the way to Boston.

His wife was more than dear to him, even though she didn't like wolves and bears and wouldn't come to the camp.

"I'll let you and Sally do the heroics for the family," she would say as she packed them off each summer.

Thoughts of his daughter caused a warm glow in Mr. McDonald's heart. Never was another girl like her. "And that young Christopher Beck agrees with me," he said aloud.

When dawn showed, he ran the long rapids into Loon Lake and slid out on the lake. By that time he could see clearly. And then he heard the planes—three—just over the tops of the trees. Suddenly the lead plane flared up, as if the pilot had sighted something and was climbing while he looked to make certain. The others climbed too. Then the lead plane dived. The others followed.

"Good heavens, it isn't possible!" Mr. McDonald exclaimed. Then he waved his arms and shouted, "You can't land here, you fools! This lake is too small. You can't land here. . . ."

Sunday afternoon,
July 5, 1942.
The Moose Club.

ON the afternoon of that day a canoe with a broad-shouldered young man in the bow and a guide paddling stern came across Lac Royal and headed in toward the big camp of which Mr. McDonald was part owner. The guide, whose name was Solomon Rat, took his hand from his paddle and pointed. "The Moose Club," he announced.

The young man in the bow looked across the water. He saw a small bay behind which the land rose slightly, then leveled off. Down near the shore was a boathouse. On a brow overlooking the lake stood a low sprawling lodge of peeled logs chinked with white lime mortar and roofed with green shingles. Behind this central building other lodges formed a semicircle. At the water's edge were other buildings and shacks.

When the canoe slid alongside the wooden dock two people had come down the hill to meet it, a slim girl and a lean middle-aged man.

"Mr. McDonald?" asked the stranger, stepping out.

"No," the man replied. His manner was easy and pleasant. "I am Mr. Beck. Mr. McDonald is upcountry on a trail trip. But this is Miss Sally McDonald, his daughter."

The newcomer acknowledged the introductions and said, "My name is Kilpatrick—Michael Kilpatrick."

And you come from way down South, thought Sally, as she looked up at him. She liked his thick brown hair.

"I'm a geologist, Mr. Beck," he was explaining. "I'm particularly interested in certain rock formations that run through the land owned by the Moose Club, and I came to ask if you'd let me camp on your land for a week or ten days while I make some tests and observations."

"Why, of course," said Mr. Beck. "Only, you'll stay here at camp with us. We couldn't think of letting you sleep out."

"That's kind of you," Mike returned. "But I'd rather not impose. I have my tent and my guide, and we'll be quite comfortable."

"Nonsense. Of course you'll stay with us. It will be a pleasure to have you."

A young man who had come down the hill from the lodge now joined them and was introduced. He was Christopher Beck, a slender fellow with wavy blonde hair. But for his strong heavy jaw he might have seemed a little effeminate. His eyes, blue or gray in different lights, had a rather set expression, as if they never laughed. He, too, was cordial to the visitor, and they all went up the hill together.

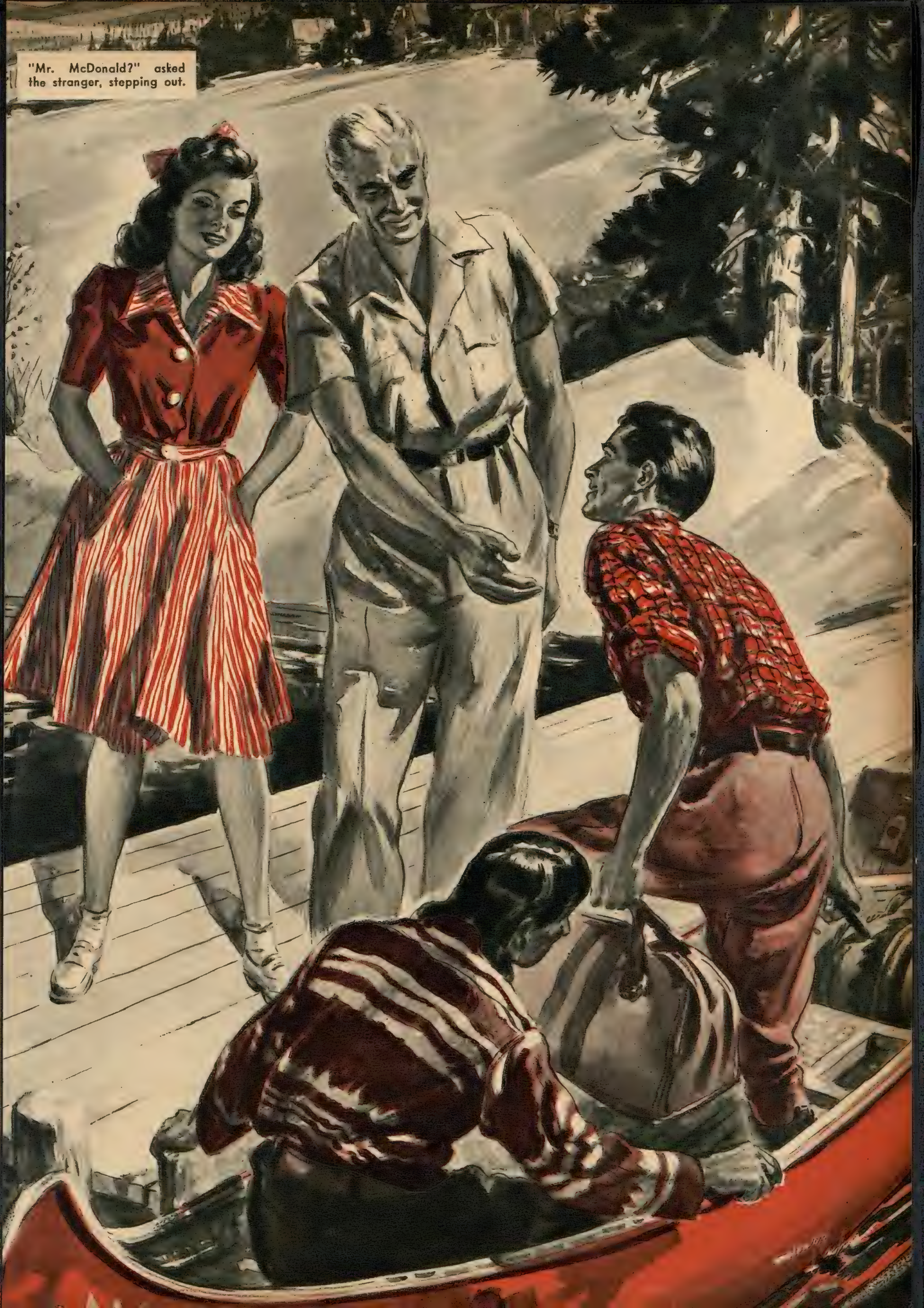
At supper, Mike made the acquaintance of the other members of the Moose Club: Judge Puckett and Mrs. Puckett, and Mr. Carroll, a stout gentleman of about their age whom Sally called "Uncle Ed," although the relationship was merely one of personal fondness. They had all been coming to the club for many summers, Mike learned. There was also a tall slender dark-haired woman, Dorothy Tyler, whom Mr. Beck introduced as "my sister-in-law." It was, he explained, her first summer in camp.

When the meal was over, Sally McDonald slipped out and went across the clearing to the guides' shack. She was fond of listening to their tales of the bush and the old French songs they would sing; and tonight, for some reason, she felt especially like hearing them. She was, in an agreeable way, disturbed. As she sat among the guides, most of whom she had known since she was a child, she kept hearing Mike's soft Southern voice. She could see his eyes as they almost closed when he grinned. She sat, half listening to the men's talk, when one of the maids from the main lodge came in and spoke to her. Mr. Beck, she said, wanted Miss Sally to come and play bridge.

Sally waited while Pete Mercier, one of the younger, livelier guides, finished a tall tale about a bear, and then she went out. As she passed the maids' sleeping shacks some one came from the deep shadows. It was an Indian girl, Rose Buckshot, whose husband, Johnny, was Christopher Beck's guide. Rose caught at the sleeve of Sally's jacket.

"Miss Sally," she whispered, "I want to go down to Kakiwani. Will you help me to get there?"

(*Continued on page 41*)



"Mr. McDonald?" asked the stranger, stepping out.

TOUGHEST GUY IN WASHINGTON

Candidly the defender
pocketbooks tells of wha
trying to do and why—He
eye-opening facts for al

BY WALTER KARIG

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

"I DON'T expect to last long in this job, but I'm going to last as long as I can."

With that somewhat pessimistic remark Leon Henderson picked up an official document with his right hand, a sandwich with his left, and went on with the combined business of eating lunch and keeping the price of commodities down to the level where the average person can afford to buy them.

I said good-by to the toughest man in Washington. Price Administrator Henderson looked up, his mouth and his hands and his mind very full, and waved his farewell.

For a man who has stuck his neck out farther and oftener than anybody in President Roosevelt's administration, Leon's chin is remarkably close to his vest. His bottom chin, I mean. Here is a guy who thrives on hard work and abuse; he hasn't any more political ambitions than a clam, but he is right in the middle of every controversial issue with all he's got—voice, mind, and heart. He has plenty of all three, and also what the Nice Nellies call "intestinal fortitude."

He is the man who says what price you shall pay for sugar and shirts and the roof over your head. Before this war is over Henderson will also be ruling on how much—and it may not be much—you are allowed to buy, as well as how much you should pay, for the necessities of life. He has even acquired considerable indirect control over the cost of agricultural products, which the farm bloc in Congress succeeded in exempting from anti-inflationary precautions, by price controls over processed foods. The rationing system for scarce commodities, which is going to mean that you will have to have a government license to buy a pair of shoes, will be pretty much of his operating.

The day I talked to him, Henderson was to hear the complaints of a group of retail merchants, woeful because, what with priorities, shortages, and limited civilian production, they were being forced out of business. They could not compensate for reduced volume of sales by charging the higher prices the public was willing to pay.

That puts the finger on what and why Henderson is doing as the nation's controller of prices. War turned the United States economic system topsy-turvy. During all the years of the New Deal the government was handing out money to the people whom industry could not employ and who could not buy what reduced volume of goods the factories and farms could turn out. Employment was low, prices were low, production was low, consumption low, and each factor helped keep the others down.

"Now war goods production is approaching capacity, unemployment is vanishing, the national income is far ahead of the previous records, but the manufacture of civilian goods—pleasure cars, refrigerators, radios, pianos, clothing, building materials, and what not—is either prohibited or curtailed because the materials and the factory space are needed for munitions," Henderson explains. "Consequently, with more money to spend than ever before, the American people have less to buy. What happens? They start bidding against each other for the goods that are available. Up go prices. Money loses its value. When that condition reaches an extreme, the result is 'inflation,' and a banana might cost a hundred dollars."

One means of preventing such economic disaster is the new price-fixing

A guitar concert for the children, from left, Beebe, Leon, Jr., Lyn.

Henderson wears the first straw hat made of United States-grown material.

system. Another is rationing. So, no matter how rich you are, you cannot buy any more sugar than the poorest person in the community.

Leon Henderson is sitting on the nation's price structure, trying to keep the lid from blowing off. If his ability is equal to his heft, he will succeed—if the politicians let him. He has had plenty of trouble with them before, and he is in more trouble with them now than he has ever been. They have called him a Communist and an enemy to business, although most business men didn't believe it. Bernard M. Baruch, who bossed the nation's business during the last war and is one of the world's canniest financiers, said: "If Henderson is a Communist, then I am a fellow traveler."

It was this so-called enemy of business who invented, and prevailed upon the administration to accept, the tax-amortization scheme which enabled the big corporations to expand their plants for war production without going into debt. And the day I interviewed him, Henderson was worrying what to do about the retail dealers who were being driven out of business by shortages. He was drawing up a plan that day to have the government bail out these victims of the war through a giant liquidation corporation. His plan was to have the federal corporation buy up the stocks of the small dealers when they got so low they couldn't operate profitably. The odds and ends of merchandise would then be redistributed to going concerns for sale to the public, while the little fellows forcibly retired would be given help to meet contractual obligations, such as leases.

IF either the tax-amortization law or the liquidation scheme was anti-big business, then General Motors sells peanuts from a pushcart.

Henderson's present and forthcoming trouble with the politicians rises from his stubborn refusal to make a political pie counter out of the price administration and the rationing system. This is an election year. Senators and congressmen have turned the heat on Leon to put their influential protégés on the payroll. Henderson's succinct comeback is: "I'll be damned if I will. This is the war on the home front. Try and get your pets made generals and colonels in the army, and see how far you get!"

So he's in Dutch with a lot of good faithful Democrats who are running to Mr. Roosevelt with complaints that Leon won't play ball. But, according to the stories one hears in the back room, Leon got there first. He told the President he was going to get into the doggonedest bunch of fights this side of the Philippines, and that he was perfectly willing to be the goat, but he was not going to make a political gravy bowl out of the task of taking things away from the people.

The President seems to have paraphrased Admiral Farragut with "Damn the politicians! Full steam ahead!" Because Leon remarked succinctly that "whom the Hatch Act won't get, the Henderson ax will"—reminding the boys in Congress that in a pious moment they forbade government employees engaging in political activities, when they made into law the "purity in politics" bill of Senator Hatch, New Mexico Democrat. Henderson's interpretation is that it's a poor law that doesn't work both ways, and that if government bureaus can't play politics, politicians can't play with government bureaus.

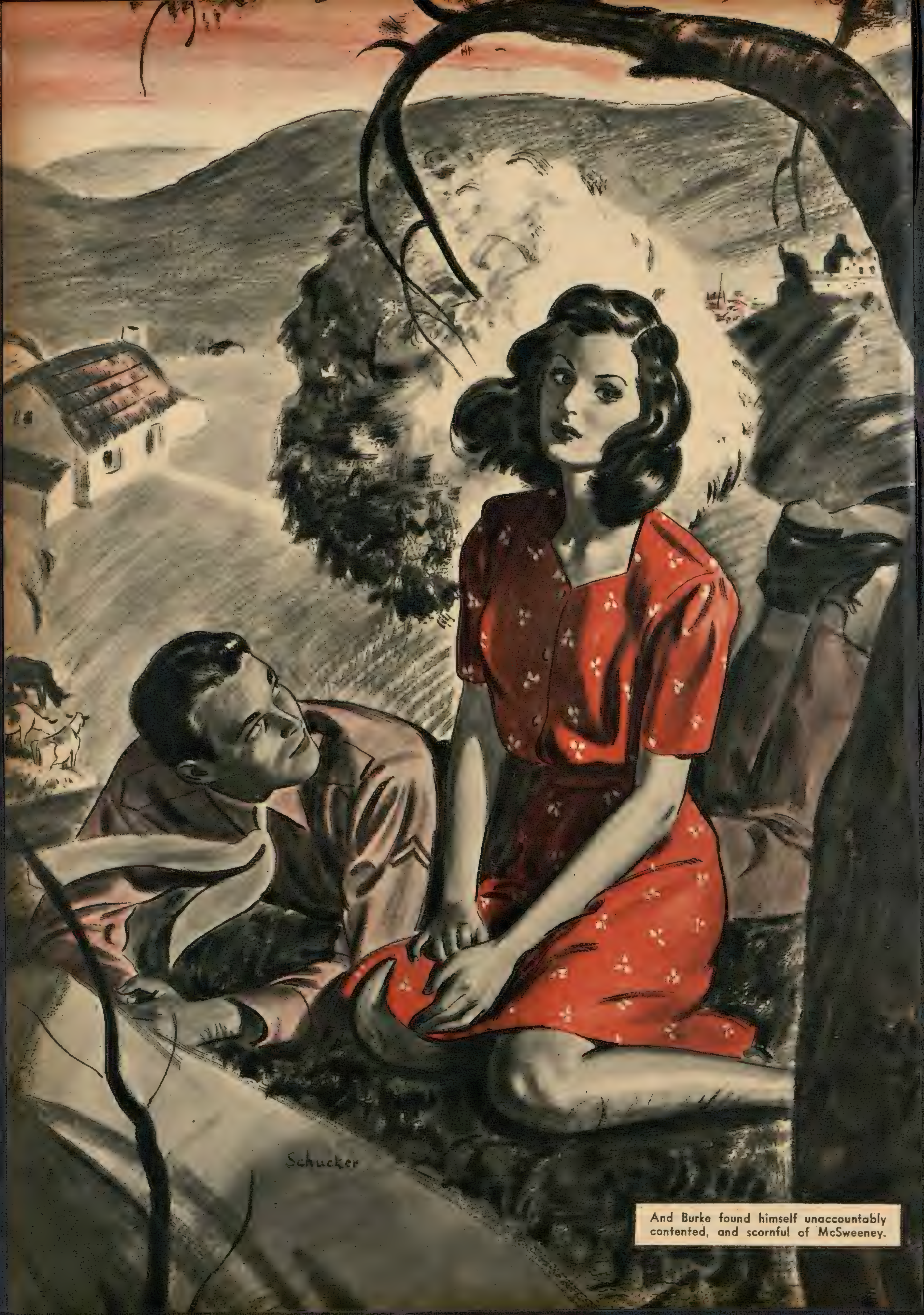
A tough baby, Leon, and he looks it. In the shabby, flimsily constructed office he occupies in a temporary building, he works from seven in the morning—sometimes five—till six at night. He still works after he leaves.

"And I gain half a pound a week at it," he sighs. "When I get home there is always a parade of people to see me until midnight and after. Well, I give 'em a beer and some cheese and crackers, and of course I eat with them."

Leon's office costume is most informal. His voluminous trousers, generously cut even for his girth, are supported by old-fashioned galluses. That—with a blue shirt with tie askew, and shoes, socks, and (one presumes)

(*Continued on page 57*)

Mrs. Leon Henderson. The Hendersons were married seventeen years ago.



And Burke found himself unaccountably contented, and scornful of McSweeney.

THE COLLEEN AND THE YANK

She believed in fairies; she walked barefoot—How could he take home a bride like that? 'Twas his mind that asked, but his heart that answered

BY C. P. DONNEL, Jr.

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

PRIVATE HUGH BURKE of the United States Forces in the British Isles stepped from the Nissen hut just in time to frown at the setting sun. Violet mist was softening the vista between the distant hills and Private Burke. Another quarter hour and the mist would richen to an incredible purple. Already the nightly perfume of fern and primrose, bluebell and bent grass was competing successfully with the dying aromas of the cook hut.

Private Burke, for arbitrary reasons, was unimpressed. First, the mail service to Northern Ireland was rotten, since he was without word from Mildred of Jersey City, who had promised to write; Mildred, who worked in a confectionery and was trim and scented and quick on the comeback, and who made the girls in Private Burke's home town seem dowdy and dull. Second, Irish beer was treacherous, which meant that Private Burke's unaccustomed head had not recovered from the very mild festivities at Mullroy's Dance Hall on the Ballydonnel road.

All in all, Private Burke was not pleased with himself or Ireland.

To hear his father talk, rocking on the veranda of their comfortable farmhouse in the blue Iowa twilight, you'd have thought Ireland was heaven. That, Private Burke decided sourly, was because his father had never seen Ireland and had merely been repeating, parrot-wise, what his grandfather had related.

The screen door of the Nissen hut squeaked.

"Are yez gawn dahn to Mullroy's this foine night, Hughie me b'y?" Private Jenkins, K Company's humorist, joined Burke. He was short, round, and sharp-eyed.

"Nope." Private Burke fingered his lone half crown. "I'm sick of that joint."

"What about that redheaded Dublin babe you were dancing with last night?" prodded Private Jenkins. "I heard you tell her . . ."

"I was just kidding her along," interrupted Private Burke hastily. The topic held no charm. He had awakened that morning to an uncomfortable conviction that the Dublin mouse was a gold digger. "Besides," he added, as Jenkins grinned, "I'm—I've got a date."

"Yeah, with that redhead."

Private Burke shook his own red head. "A real date," he lied. He gestured vaguely southward. "Her folks have a big farm near . . ." He palmed his cap to a devil-may-care angle and strode off, deaf to Private Jenkins' envious surmise that the date had buck teeth and wore a twelve shoe.

THREE miles from camp Private Burke scuffed aimlessly down a lane bordered by hawthorn hedges and flanked by fields flecked with daisies and an occasional primrose. He paid the soft air the tribute of a deep breath and was rewarded with the sweet odor of sod blossoms and another fragrance that tugged at his heart, one that might have been imported from the south forty at home.

New-mown hay! A wave of homesickness caught him off guard. Suddenly forlorn and a little frightened, he wanted somebody to talk to. He stepped up his pace, and a turn of the lane disclosed a crossroads with its inevitable tavern. A weather-scarred sign was inscribed with a scraggly bird and the legend, The Jolly Pigeon. In front, on a wooden bench, two men talked animatedly. Before them, on a rough-hewn table, were two pint pots.

Private Burke felt better. The Irish are a friendly race. His half crown would go far to establish cordial relations.

The drinkers fell silent at his approach and spoke no word when he seated himself at the far end of their bench. Private Burke saw that one was elderly—small and weather-beaten, with a keen face gone slack with liquor. The other was a lank middle-aged individual with a seamed hard countenance. They fixed Private Burke with unwinking stares that did not waver when the red-eyed landlord appeared in the narrow doorway.

"Pint o' stout," ordered Private Burke; then, shyly, "Will you gentlemen join me?"

To his amazement and that of the landlord, the stares became hostile. Private Burke's cheeks grew hot.

The lean man turned to his elderly companion and said loudly, "They have come here to stir up trouble, Dinnie, and I'll have no part of it—or them."

The old man hesitated. "Ye're right, Jimmy," he said at length. "And I'm wid ye." His hesitation, his tone, indicated Jimmy was buying the drinks.

The landlord trotted out with Private Burke's stout and made change from his apron pocket. When he had gone, the hard-faced man continued:

"ALL alike they are, Dinnie—sharp and thievin'. Came to me, one o' their orf'cers did. 'How much for yer meal?' he sez in his Yankee voice. 'Sixteen shillin's the hundredweight,' I sez. 'Too much,' he sez. 'O'Moore of Derry charges twelve.' 'Mine is the betther meal,' I sez, not carin' a rap, Dinnie, whether he buys or not. 'But because ye're a stranger,' I sez, 'I'll make it fifteen.' He pinches some between his fingers and smiles. 'Ten would be too much,' he sez, and prances away like Me Lord Fancy-Face. And him with his pockuts lined with hard money." The speaker put a wry mouth to his pint pot, swallowed once, then spat. "The dhirty miser," he said, glancing at Burke. "An' they're all alike."

Private Burke's hands trembled as he stood up. The lean man stared insolently. Then Burke remembered. The captain had spoken plainly. Brawling with the citizenry would be severely punished. Private Burke considered, his right hand itching for the lean man's blue-stubbled jaw.

He compromised. One more peep, he decided, and I'll poke him, regulations or no regulations.

But the men just stared, the older man now quite pale. Private Burke longed for some blistering word that would convey his contempt for them. He reached for the pint pot.

"This for you," he said directly to the men and poured the brown liquid on the sun-baked earth. He stalked away down the nearest road, ears keyed to any comment from the tavern. He was a hundred yards away before some unintelligible remark from the hard-faced man was followed by a high cackling laugh. He stamped on, raging inside.

On his right a lush meadow stretched

invitingly upward. On impulse, he jumped the low stone wall and tackled the gentle grade. By the time he reached the top of the rise his shirt was dark-patched with sweat and his anger had subsided. He negotiated a shallow moatlike gully to seat himself on the grassy rampart of what must once have been a tiny fort. Loneliness and homesickness, rising from the misty landscape, attacked with redoubled force, and he yielded to throat-tightening thoughts of home and Mildred.

It was the voice that saved him from a final descent into self-pity. "Come away!" it called. "Oh, soldier, come away quickly!"

Private Burke leaped to his feet and glanced wildly about him.

Again it came: "Come away, soldier! Make haste!"—a girl's clear voice, angrily urgent.

HE saw her, a full dark-colored dress with white arms and legs, far down the meadow slope. Private Burke had an odd feeling that she was afraid to come closer. He stepped to the lip of the waterless moat. "What?" he yelled.

"Make haste, soldier! 'Tis a" . . . he could not understand the next word . . . "that you're on."

Maybe this place was mined or something. Private Burke gathered himself and soared across the moat. Downhill he plunged, momentarily expecting a mighty explosion to shatter the stillness. He pulled up beside the girl gasping.

"Are you simple?" she inquired bitingly.

He whirled on her. "What's the matter with that place?"

"'Tis a rath"—this as though the word explained everything.

"A rath?" His tension was ebbing. And this girl wasn't bad-looking, even if . . .

"The good little men abide there." Her respectful tone increased his bewilderment. "You were rash to disturb those gentry."

"I didn't see anybody . . ." he began, then stopped short. A chord of memory was vibrating. Home. The veranda. His father speaking. Speaking rhythmically. That was it! A poem his father had taught him when he was small. "Little men." From nowhere the lines came back to him:

Up the airy mountain, down the
  rushy glen,
We daren't go a-hunting for fear of
  little men. . . .

"You mean fairies?" cried Private Burke, flushing at the recollection of his headlong flight from the "rath."

"Will you be silent?" She spoke sharply and turned to leave him. He saw that her feet and legs were bare. She started off, and he noted appreciatively the erect straight-shouldered figure, the easy swing of the long, slender legs. He hastened after her, took hold of a bare arm. The skin was so smooth that he spoke less indignantly than he had intended.

"What's the idea of kidding me like that?" he demanded.

Only then did she comprehend that he was a skeptic. She made no move to free her arm. "Do you think it a joke that Dinnie fell asleep on that rath one Michaelmas Eve?" she said earnestly. "Will you let me go when you hear that not six weeks later he lost half our land to Mr. McSweeney of the mill? Do you think the good little men have forgotten his rashness? Never since that night have we . . ." Her red lips were trembling.

Private Burke searched the oval face. She wasn't kidding. Nor was there any madness in those deep gray-blue eyes. Embarrassed, he loosed her arm, and his fingers felt strangely empty.

A doggone pretty girl, he saw now. Even the shapeless dress could not cloud the lines of a fine graceful figure. And her face—it sort of hit you, with that broad brow under glossy blue-black hair—and the soft eyes, and the red mouth. . . .

She colored. "I must go," she said. "I have played away half my work running after your foolish self. Dinnie will be displeased if the cow is not milked." Her voice was gentle, quite unlike the cockney shrillness of the Dublin redhead.

"Can you use a little help?" he asked quickly. The country smell was strong in his nostrils now, and his loneliness had somehow vanished.

"From you?" She gave a little gurgling laugh. "You—from America—from the city?"

Private Burke hesitated. It was not unpleasant to be regarded as a city-dwelling sophisticate. Still . . .

"You just watch me," he warned. Together they swung down through the odorous grass and across a fallow field to where a squat stone barn with a thatched roof angled off from a larger stone structure, this one impressively topped with slate.

She did watch him, with bright eyes, as with casual knowingness he set a stool beside the stern of a puzzled brindle cow and slid a wooden pail under the animal. His lean strong hands prepared to relieve the milk-heavy brindle of her burden.

The girl bent swiftly forward and struck his wrists, so that the first twin white streams shot clear of the pail and made frothy puddles on the ground. He glanced up, annoyed. She was half frightened, half amused.

"For the little men," she said, pointing to the puddles. "Would you rob them of their sup?"

Private Burke muttered something under his breath and went grimly on.

"What was it you said?" she asked.

"Nothing." He looked up, his wide mouth broadening into a grin. "I just said, 'Ireland!'"

"Oh." She did not understand, and it made no difference. From the barn he followed her to an ancient stone trough, beside which were heaped prickly green stalks bearing small bright yellow flowers. She bade him fill the trough with stalks. Meanwhile she seized a heavy wooden mallet-like instrument and waved him away when he tried to take it from her.

"YOU have not the trick of it, I'm sure," she said, and began to pound the stalks with a peculiar rocking motion of arms and shoulders, her bare feet planted firmly in the sod.

"'Tis for the horse," she said, in reply to his question. "Is it true that in America the horses eat but grain?"

He told her proudly that it was, and insisted upon taking a turn at pounding the stalks, and later upon feeding the horse, pleasantly conscious that she was stealing small looks at him and that she was not insensible to his uniform and broad shoulders.

BY HERB WILLIAMS

After that they strolled around to the front of the cottage and sat on a stone bench amid some whitethorn bushes. After he had flustered her by absent-mindedly proffering a cigarette (Mildred of Jersey City smoked incessantly and had a trick of humming with a cork tip between her almost purple lips) they talked. He learned that her name was Mary O'Flahertie; that she was twenty (although she looked no more than sixteen and frowned when he told her so); that she lived in this house with her grandfather; and that . . . She checked herself, and he saw by her eyes that she had decided against further confidences. So he began to talk himself, hungrily, about Iowa, his home, the training camp outside Jersey City, and about Mildred.

She was instantly interested. He produced his one snapshot of Mildred, taken that March afternoon behind the apartment house. The dusk was deeper now, and Mary O'Flahertie insisted upon going into the cottage and lighting an oil lamp. While she stared, fascinated, at Mildred's smart suit, the fur neckpiece, the bright blonde hair and carefully applied complexion, he looked around him. It surprised him to find what dignity and charm were suggested by a minimum of simple furniture on a flagstone floor—when the flagstones were mellow with scrubbing and wax and the dark old furniture shone dully, even as the parade of pewter shone on the long shelf above the great fireplace.

"She is very lovely," said Mary O'Flahertie carefully, handing back the snapshot. He saw it with new eyes. Lovely? Well, he'd always thought of Mildred as a cute kid, but not exactly . . .

"Are you promised?" asked Mary O'Flahertie interestedly.

"Promised?"

"Promised. Are you to be married?"

"Well—not exactly." He remembered with a pang the big sloe-eyed Freedman—the underwear salesman—who hung around Mildred. "Not exactly," he stammered again, and she said no more.

A VENERABLE clock showed him it was time to head back to camp. She walked down through the tiny front yard with him. There was no gate; only a gap in the stone fence. He took her hand. He wanted to thank her for helping banish his homesickness, but the right words were hard to find. Also, her red lips, almost on a level with his own (for she was tall), were all that the hard little mouth of the Dublin redhead was not. He was still holding her hand, pondering a kiss, when he saw the sudden apprehension in her eyes.

The old man of the tavern and his dour companion were in the road, walking loose-kneed.

Mary O'Flahertie said, quick and low, "You must go now, please," and withdrew her hand.

The two men stopped, and Private Burke knew that they had seen him. Now they hastened forward, the old man in the lead. Private Burke felt the back of his neck prickling as the hard-faced man approached, and his impulse to flee was stilled.

The old man was brandishing a short knobby stick. Private Burke saw that he was quite drunk.

"Whoiver ye be," blustered the old man, his white hair an untidy halo for his blood-charged face, "get you gone! D'ye hear me? Begone!"

"Listen . . ." began Private Burke uncertainly. That this was a domestic crisis was now plain in the girl's anguished eyes.

The old man said furiously to her, "Into the house wid ye, Mary! For shame, flaunting yerself in the open road wid this long-nicked divil!"

THE dour man also was glaring at the girl. Private Burke's hands trembled. He sensed the will of the hard-faced man behind the old fellow's tirade. He treated the hard-faced man to a look that was an unmistakable invitation.

"Anything on your mind, chum?" he inquired, hoping against hope that the man would take offense. Then a sudden thought chilled him.

The old man was drawing breath for a fresh outburst. The dour man did not answer; he was half stupid with drink. Burke raised his cap.

"Good night, Miss O'Flahertie," he said, and executed a smart left turn, leaving the three of them in a little vacuum of silence. He had reached a bend in the road before curiosity turned his head. The men were still in the road, the old man now gesticulating and bellowing. Mary O'Flahertie was nowhere to be seen. He started on.

A soft hurried footfall brought him up short. It was the girl. She must have cut through the fields paralleling the road. She ran up to him. At the concern in her face he felt his annoyance seeping away.

"I am shamed for Dinnie," she said miserably, looking at the ground.

Private Burke, prepared to be stiffly dignified, melted. "Listen," he said earnestly. "I'm sorry I got you in a jam with your father. I didn't know . . ."

"Dinnie O'Flahertie is my grandfather," she corrected quickly.

"I meant the other . . ." He was trying to be polite, but the word "gentleman" would not come.

"You mean Mr. McSweeney?" She glanced up now, smiled palely. "He is not my father," she said tartly. "He owns the mill. He and Dinnie drink together each night at Marty McCool's inn." She drew a long breath. "I am promised to him," she murmured.

"You mean you're going to marry that—that jerk?" exploded Private Burke rudely.

Her eyes flashed. "He will have me for fifteen pounds," she said, and he wondered at the suggestion of pride in her tone. "He would take no other girl for under thirty. But he is taking off ten pounds for Dinnie's land, and five" . . . she tossed her head . . . "because he says I am pretty. So he will have me for fifteen. Already I have saved nine."

This modest arithmetic was getting under Private Burke's thin skin. "You mean," he said incredulously, "that you're actually going to pay that guy for marrying you?"

"And how would a girl wed if she did not bring her silver money?"

"You mean he's actually waiting until you've saved thirty more doll—six more pounds?"

"Why should he not?" She was furious now, and the poise of her head was queenly.

Private Burke visualized Mr. McSweeney's angular face, his sullen, calculating eyes, and bit his lip. Army regulations prohibited taking a poke at Mr. McSweeney. But army regulations said nothing about playing around with Mr. McSweeney's girl.

He looked long at Mary O'Flahertie. Even the oaf McSweeney had seen that she was pretty.

"What time can I see you tomorrow night?" he asked. If McSweeney must drink at the inn, Private Burke would be happy to take care of his courting.

She smoothed her dress thoughtfully, slowly shook her head.

"Oh, well," said Private Burke, "I'll be on that rath place anyhow. Maybe some of those little men will show up. Good night." He felt her eyes on him as he strolled away.

Back in the Nissen hut, Private Jenkins, from his cot, inquired, "How d'ja make out with your colleen?"

☆ LIBERTY'S BOOK TIP ☆

by Donald Gordon

FLOODS OF SPRING, by Henry Bellamann.

The chances are that if you didn't read Kings Row, his last novel, you saw the movie version or will see it when it gets to the local theater. That one set forth for the reader the darkly dramatic play beneath the apparently sleepy surface existence of an oddly named American small town. Dozens of writers each year make novels of such fine material, but it takes a storyteller of force and skill to do it with distinction. Bellamann can swing it.

The scene of this new story is a farm on the Missouri River a few miles from Kings Row, a show place built by the fanatical labor of a man who was the puzzle of the region's gossips. Peter Kettring, a big well dressed man of obvious culture and a Yankee veteran of the war, came in 1869 with his pretty wife who spoke Pennsylvania Dutch only. He bought the rundown Adams farm. His barn was burned by a vengeful windbag who wasn't seen thereafter. He posted his boundaries then, and for nearly twenty years went beyond them only on necessary business. His immediate neighbor, easy-going Southerner Kam Sandifer, found him likable but uncommunicative, and his two handsome sons were popular. He became well off. He was not a miser, yet he lost his eldest son when the boy left home after his father refused to allow him to go to college. Then, within a couple of years, tragedy stripped him almost completely. Almost.

What was this man trying to prove? Let Bellamann tell you. He makes it absorbing. (Simon & Schuster.)

"O. K.," answered Private Burke noncommittally.

Private Jenkins winked at Private Bartowski. "Does she wear shoes?" he said innocently.

Private Burke patted him playfully on the head, a little harder than he had intended.

NO little men interrupted his vigil on the rath, but Mary O'Flahertie appeared in the meadow and he ran down to join her. The following night they met by appointment by the brook below the cottage; and the next night; and the night after that. And Private Burke found himself unaccountably contented, and scornful of James McSweeney, until the night he kissed her for the first time and found her lips eager and trembling.

It was a long kiss, and when she finally drew away and opened her eyes, Private Burke had no thought for James McSweeney or anything else. A vast tenderness had turned his wrists and knees feeble and feverish. They kissed again, then parted, both a little frightened.

Far back in Private Burke's mind an alarm sounded, but he disregarded it. The words came out thoughtlessly: "You're wonderful!" The alarm again. He sought a lighter note. "I don't think I'll let you marry that guy," he said jokingly.

She stared, a quick light behind her eyes. "'Tis for you to say, Hugh," she breathed.

Her meaning sank in slowly. Private Burke's thoughts rioted in the silence, his heart pounding, blood rushing to his cheeks. She meant it. Marriage. Home. His friends. A girl who believed in "little men"; who went barefoot . . .

Mildred, perfumed and chic, spoke his language. His glance dropped unconsciously to Mary's dress; he knew it to be her best. It was red printed cotton, clean and neat, and her wrists and legs were very shapely and slim, but . . .

A rustle of movement. She was rising. When he dared look up, he saw in her face that she knew, and that the hurt was deep.

Desperately: "I'll have something to say, all right." He meant it to be hearty—reassuring. It fell flat and hollow. Tears started from her eyes. She turned away.

"Wait!" he begged. She was stumbling up the path. "Wait!" She began to run, blindly. "Tomorrow night," he called. "I'll be here." It was a plea, but she did not answer.

ALL that night the loneliness lay like a leaden weight on him. Daylight and the camp routine brought some relief. On the sunlit drill ground he was able to argue that she had taken for granted something that was out of the question. But in the lazy hour after "tea," the hard knot inside him became unbearable. He took Jenkins aside, confessed all, and told him what he wanted him to do.

Private Jenkins' friendly eyes cooled. "You mean I'm to tell her that you can't come—and that you're engaged to this Mildred dame in J. C.? Why don't you go yourself?"

"Don't you see, Mike, it'll only mean another mess, crying and everything, if I go?"

"O. K., O. K. How do I get there?"

It would take Jenkins, including the interview, about two hours. The end of an hour found Private Burke perched on a warm stone on the road to The Jolly Pigeon. Five minutes later the chunky form appeared. Burke went to meet him.

"See her?" His throat was dry.

"Yep," said Private Jenkins. A pause.

"What did she say?"

"Nothin'."

"Nothing?"

"She was waitin'," said Private Jenkins shortly. "When she seen me comin', she jumped up. When she seen I wasn't you, she run past me and got away before I could get my big mouth open. She knew what I was there for, all right." He spoke as though he had a bad taste in his mouth. "Say," he added suspiciously, "what was that song and dance you give me about her bein' a shoeless wonder?"

"I don't get you." Private Burke was thinking of something else.

"She was got up slick," said Jenkins. "Nice-lookin' suit, fur neckpiece, silk stockin's, high heels . . ." He frowned. "I will say when she ran it looked like she wasn't used to them heels."

Burke did not appear to be listening to him.

"Next time you're in a jam," said Private Jenkins curtly, "do your own dirty work."

Private Burke had made no comment because of the lump in his throat and the dizzy tumult of his thoughts. Now he said, "Who hit the crap game this afternoon?"

"Kaufman, A Company," answered Jenkins automatically, wondering if Burke had gone nuts. He was convinced of it when Burke sprinted for camp. He sat down, lit a cigarette, and was still smoking it when Private Burke tore past, outward bound toward McCool's.

BY ART JACKSON

"Give me a pound of Charlie McCarthy and three boxes of Jack Benny!"

Marty McCool's red eyes widened as Private Burke's long legs whisked him past the tavern, down the road to Dinnie O'Flahertie's.

In the road outside the cottage Private Burke halted, limbs and lungs near collapse. The cottage door was open and the voices were very clear.

"Are ye mad, girl?" Dinnie O'Flahertie sounded sober. "What are ye saying? Did ye not hear what Jimmy McSweeney has offered ye?"

No answer.

Then McSweeney, harshly: "Ye spend yer silver, that should have come to me, on trollop's frills to catch this soldier! Think, Mary. I will take ye for naught, for yer good name's sake and for the sake of Dinnie here. But I will not offer this again."

Private Burke swallowed, held his breath. Still no answer.

"Then t'hell wid ye both," raged McSweeney and came stamping down the path, his hard face stormy.

Private Burke drew breath as he stepped forward. "Here," he said, and shoved something into McSweeney's leathery hand. McSweeney looked down at the two five-pound notes.

"That's for Mr. O'Flahertie's land," said Private Burke, tingling.

McSWEENEY thrust the notes into a greasy wallet, the wallet back into his hip pocket. His mouth was ugly. "Ye're buyin' yer fancy girl high," he said.

Private Burke moved quickly, joyfully. When McSweeney got up, his mouth was even uglier.

"Beat it," ordered Private Burke evenly, wondering if McSweeney's teeth had cracked his knuckles. McSweeney drew a hand across his mouth, stared at it, then obeyed hastily.

Mary O'Flahertie was in the doorway, just standing there, dressed as Private Jenkins had described her, an unconscious caricature of the snapshot of Mildred, except for the face, where tears had wrecked the inexpertly applied make-up. In that caricature Private Burke saw Mildred and what Mildred was.

Behind Mary danced Dinnie O'Flahertie, babbling, his face tomato-colored.

Private Burke took her hand. It was cold. He heard himself, as though from far away, saying, "You know I love you—you know that?"

Her hand tightened convulsively on his.

"Will you be promised to me?" begged a small voice remotely like his own.

Then she was in his arms. Later, after she had washed her face, they sat on the stone bench and said very little, because there would be plenty of time for that—years and years.

THE END

IE SKY'S THE LIMIT!

BY

B HOPE

t of the sky and on the air, radio's ace rapid-fire comedian tells how he likes flying.

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

LISTEN—anything else is patty-cakes compared to piloting a pair of wings. Believe me, they'll never get little Bob up in another army or navy airplane. I'm still dizzy from the ride the stork gave me! Ever since I went up with that ex-stunt pilot at March Field—why, I can't even bear to look at an air-mail stamp.

In October, 1902, Wilbur and Orville Wright began building a flying machine to be propelled by a four-cylinder gasoline motor of twelve horse-power. The next year they made four tests at Kittyhawk, and stayed in the air for 59 seconds at a speed of 30 miles per hour. Ah me, how times have changed! In my last flight, forty years after the Wright Brothers, I was told my pilot was experienced. He already had 400 hours in the air—that is, he took a plane up and didn't know how to get it down! And speed—gosh, we were cruising at 500 miles per hour, and finally we passed something—it was the wings!

The truth is that I have done a good deal of flying. I have flown from one city to another on personal appearances. I have flown to army camps for broadcasts. And, most hair-raising of all, I have been given demonstration flights in the super-super planes of America's fighting forces.

My tour of the training camps was one of the really impressionable experiences of my entire life. I recorded a sample of it in my autobiography.

"The first camp we went to was March Field, an aviation base," I wrote. "They stopped measuring cigarettes for a while and took me for a ride in one of the planes. When we started to loop the loop, I said to the pilot, 'How come you're wearing a parachute and I'm not?' He said, 'Well, they need me.'

"We spent a very delightful Tuesday at Camp Callan, California, Coast Artillery Division. Camp Callan is right near the ocean. In fact, every time the tide comes in three divisions become part of the navy."

But now, for the first time, I want to reveal the whole truth about my visit to March Field, and to report fully on the progress of our boys.

For my visit I was dressed in ordinary conservative Hollywood style. I approached the barracks wearing orange slacks, a lavender polo shirt, and a blue beret. The soldiers saw me. That's all I remember.

I was flattered that most of the flyers seemed pretty glad to see me. One of them came running up, very excited, and asked, "Are you really Bob Hope?" I said, "Yes"—but they grabbed his rifle away just in time.

Everything was enlightening. I watched them putting gas in one of the huge Flying Fortresses—and boy, what a big tank! Really remarkable. Just two pints short of W. C. Fields!

The aviators all told me they loved to fly out here on the Coast because it never rains in California. But they said, "We'd like to catch the fifth columnist who gets up every morning and spreads mud all over the flying field!"

THE March Field boys offered to fly me back to Los Angeles, since I had to be at Paramount in the morning. I told them, "No, boys, thanks. I'm not riding in a plane again until you can push a button and shut off the law of gravity!"

But, of course, there's nothing wrong with our planes. It's me. I'm allergic to transportation. I get sick in an auto, on a burro, and even riding a train. I remember riding home on the streamlined train from March Field to Los Angeles. It was almost as fast as the airplane. I was eating a box of chocolates, and the train was rocking so hard—well, it was the first time I ever found out I had a sweet ear! In the evening I started to shave myself—the Red Cross took it from there!

The train conductor kept me cheered up. He was an interesting person. He had four gold stars on his sleeves. I pointed to them and asked him, "For long service?" And he said, "No. The movie critic for Liberty magazine just liked me!"

Seriously, though, I want to tell you that visiting March Field gave me confidence that our air corps is the greatest, the best trained, the most democratic flying force on the face of the globe. I remember riding in that speeding bomber when suddenly an army interceptor plane approached and then roared past us traveling about 500 miles per hour—and just as it roared past I heard the pilot turn to his gunner and say, "Hey, Bud, how do you get this thing out of low gear?" I wish that story could be translated into Japanese and German. It would give the Mikado and the Führer apoplexy.

But, most important, all America should have confidence in the swell boys flying these planes.

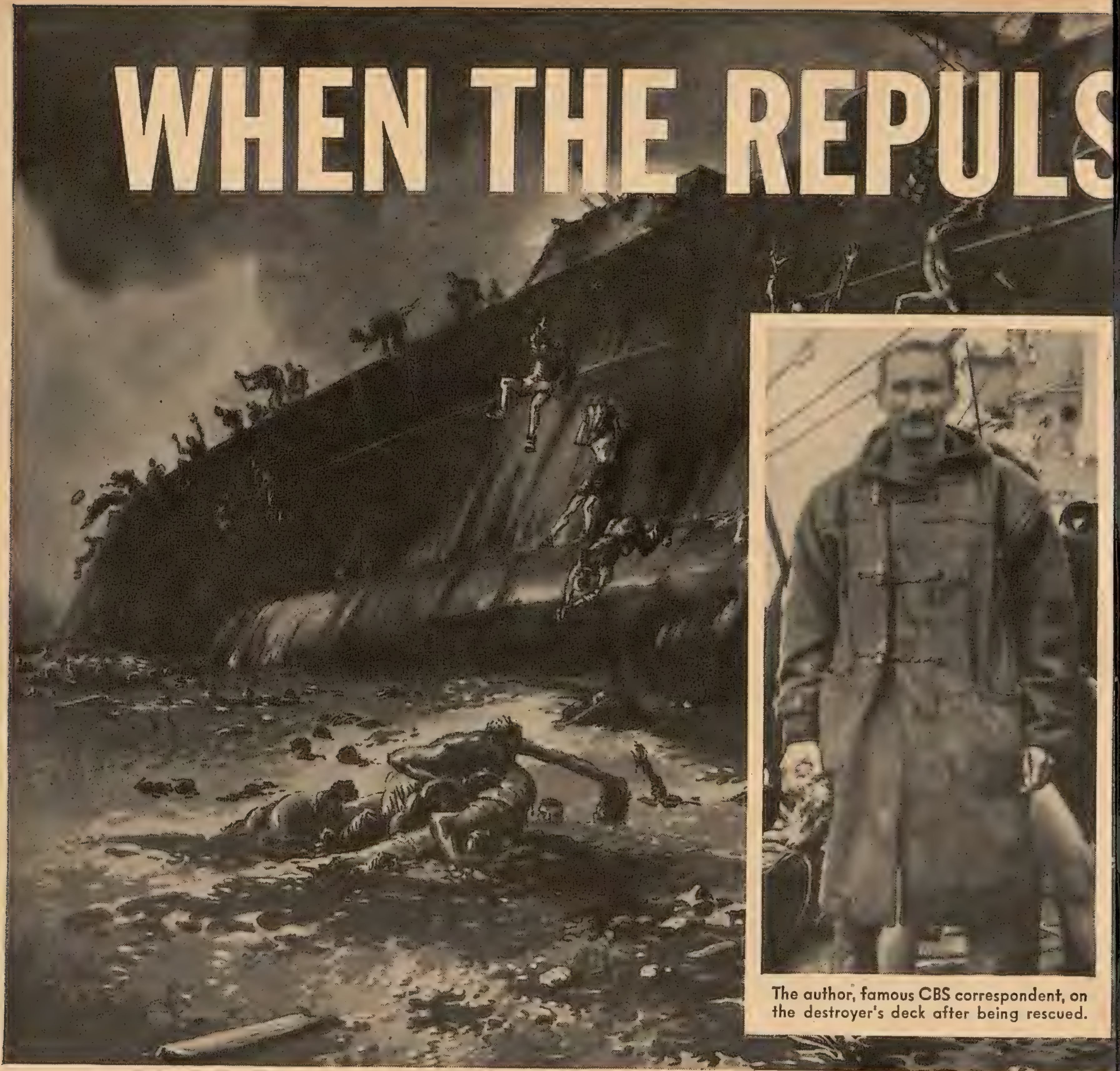
Some boys!

Believe me, with them, when it comes to out-and-out courage—the sky's the limit!

THE END

Tune in Bob Hope every Tuesday night on the NBC Network, coast to coast.

WHEN THE REPULS



The author, famous CBS correspondent, on the destroyer's deck after being rescued.

One of the ace reporters of the war gives you a "vivid, proud memory of the way brave men die"

BY CECIL BROWN

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

THE Repulse was going down.

The torpedo-smashed Prince of Wales, a half mile ahead, was low in the water, a destroyer by her side.

Japanese bombers were still winging around like vultures. A few of those shot down were bright splotches of burning orange on the blue South China Sea.

There were five or six hundred heads bobbing in the water. The men were being swept astern by the continued advance of the ship and the tide.

I had no vision of what was ahead, no concrete thoughts as to how I might save myself, because it was, necessarily, every man for himself. Then it came to me—the sudden overwhelming conviction that this was my last story and I could never report it.

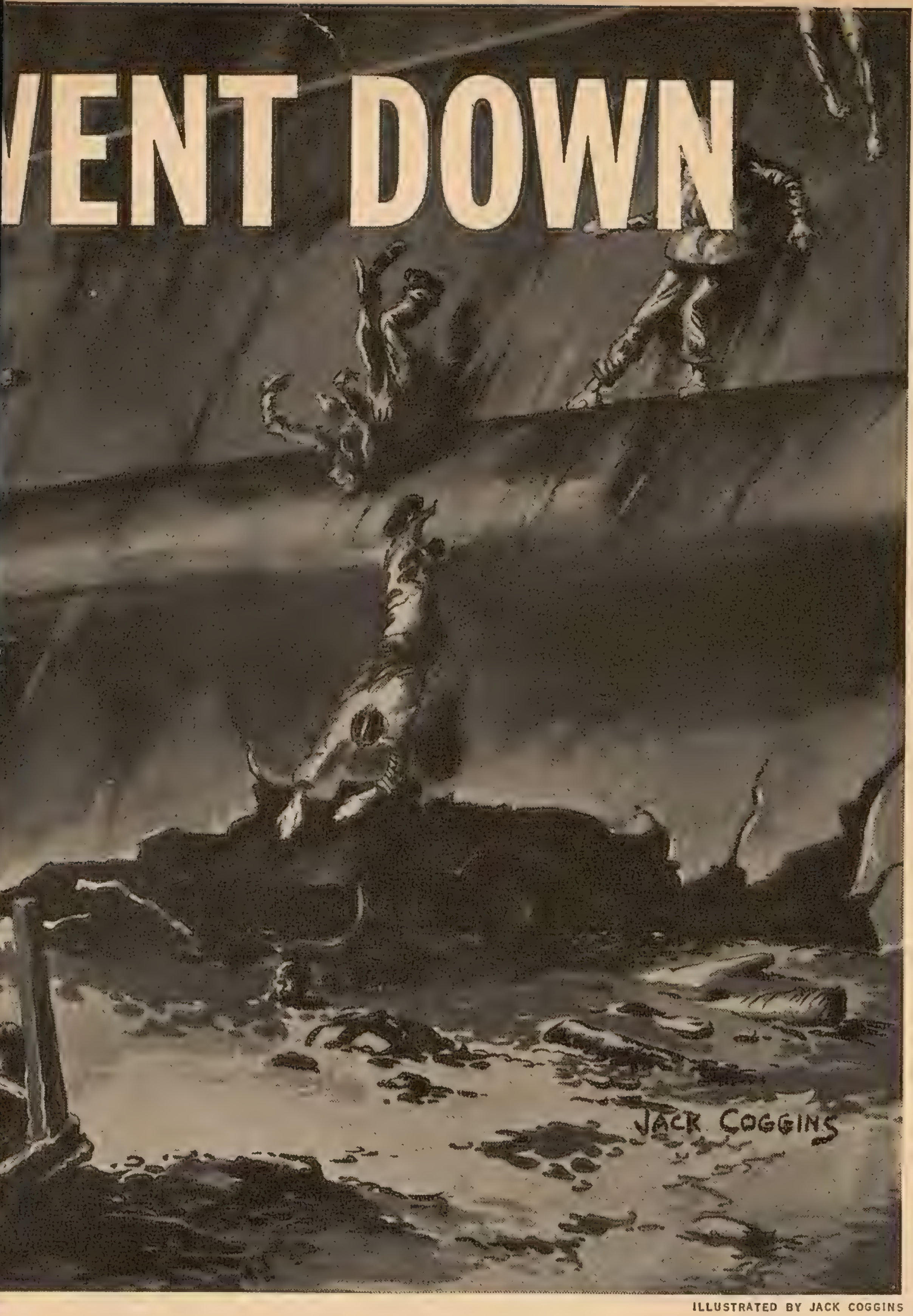
Lying there on the tilted hull of the Repulse, my mind refused to absorb the fact that these two ships were soon to disappear from the surface. I had the impression that I was a spectator, that somehow this scene did not involve me.

I had no panic in me, no particular fear, just a certain numbness. I knew that I would have to jump sooner or later. I knew that I could not rest there and let the water come over me without fighting back somehow. But I was in no hurry to get away. To jump into the water would hasten the inevitable.

I saw one man jump and land directly on another man. I said to myself:

"When I jump I don't want to hurt anybody." The thought ran through my mind, too, that I didn't want to hit all of that debris when I jumped. But still I did not move. I seemed to be glued to the hull of the ship; just my head was loose. I turned it from one side to the other, watching the last-minute evacuation of the ship. Then I stood up in a porthole and jumped,

ENT DOWN



ILLUSTRATED BY JACK COGGINS

my camera swinging wildly from its strap around my neck.

The water was pleasant, and my first action when I hit the water was to glance at my stop watch. It was smashed at 12.35, one hour and twenty minutes after the first Japanese bomb had come hurtling down 12,000 feet to crash into the catapult deck of the Repulse.

The water was warm and the oil was thick. I didn't swim away from the ship until I saw other men striking out rigorously, even frantically. Then I started out. The going was pretty tough.

I saw a life preserver eighteen inches long and four inches thick. It was like a long sausage. I tucked it to me. A small piece of wood appeared inviting. I took that, too. A barrel came near me, but I rejected that. There was no way to get a grip on it. All around me men were swimming, men with blood streaking down their oil-covered faces.

I have a ring on my left hand which my wife bought for me on the Ponte Vecchio in Florence when we were on our honeymoon. It is rather loose on my finger. With the oil on my hands, I was afraid that I would lose it. I clenched my fist so that it would not slip off.

I kept that fist clenched for more than two hours.

The oil immediately soaked into my clothes, weighting them, and I thought underwater demons were tugging at me, trying to drag me down. The airless life preserver, absorbing oil too, tightened the preserver cords around my neck. I said to myself, "I'm going to choke to death, I'm going to choke to death." Next to confined places, all my life I've been afraid of choking to death. That was the first moment of fear.

With my left hand clenched, I swam as best I could. With my right hand I made one stroke, tugged at the cord around my neck in a futile effort to loosen it, then made another stroke to get away from the ship. That ring helped save my life. Something like it must have saved the lives of hundreds of men. Your mind fastens itself on silly unimportant matters, absorbing your thoughts and stifling the natural instinct of man to panic in the face of death.

The oil burned into my eyes like hot pokers. That oil in the eyes was the worst thing. I'd swallowed a bit of oil already, and it was beginning to sicken me.

Fifty feet from the ship, hardly swimming at all now, I saw the bow of the Repulse swing straight into the air like a church steeple. Its red under plates stood out as stark and as gruesome as the blood on the faces of the men around me. Then the tug and draw of the suction of 32,000 tons of steel sliding to the bottom hit me. Something powerful, almost irresistible, tugged at my feet—and then its magnetism ceased.

As I swam in the water, other men were hanging to pieces of wood, floating life belts, and debris. Four or five times I saw blood- and oil-covered hands loosen their grip and slide beneath the water. A small square table floated by. I grabbed hold of it and hung on.

And then I watched the Prince of Wales go down, half concealed by the smoke of its own fires. First the Repulse lay on its side, then it stood straight up in the air and disappeared from sight.

NOW the sea really seemed deserted, with just men and mess floating on the surface.

There was a Carley float about three quarters of a mile away, and a destroyer almost two miles distant. I had no intention of trying to reach them. I only wanted to rest on top of the small table. The conviction that this was my finish was still strong within me. Besides, I wanted to conserve my strength, wanted to jealously guard it during the hours I would float before death came.

As I was swimming I heard one man yell, "An electric eel just shocked me!"

I saw no sharks, although that area of the South China Sea is usually filled with sharks. Later, some of the men said they scared away some sharks.

I remember saying to myself, "I've gotta remember all this; I've gotta remember all this." And the next minute, "What the hell's the use? I will never be able to report this story."

And it was so easy to close your eyes, shut out this sight, and fiercely forget what the eyes already had seen.

Strangely enough, I didn't think of my wife, my family, or my childhood. I constantly glanced around to see if I recognized any of the men aboard the Repulse, and I was especially watching for O'Dowd Gallagher, a British war correspondent who was with me on the Repulse. I did recognize two or three officers and we smiled wanly at each other.

As I lay on the table I pulled off my heavy cotton khaki socks. They were soaked and weighted by oil as heavy, I thought, as iron. I let the soaked socks slip into the water and felt five pounds lighter. As the warmth of the South China Sea slushed between my toes I thought, That feels wonderful on my feet.

That effort, little as it was, exhausted me. I had had four hours' sleep in the previous three nights. The drag of the camera around my neck and the choking by the life-preserver cord convinced me I ought to do something about them. But the water-and-oil-soaked cord of the preserver was knotted and I could not unfasten it. As for the camera, I felt I would rather drown than throw that away.

I knew that I should somehow try to get rid of some of my clothes. The oil made their weight feel like tons. Tears were pouring out of my eyes from the oil, and I remember at one point sensing tiny salty rivulets running down my oil-covered face.

That oil! It coagulated around each body, around the debris, around the men. One officer in the water shouted, "Spread out a bit, men, and let's get out of this oil." Some of the men did that; others were reluctant to get away from pieces of wood. Others depended on absorbing some strength from men around them. Not only misery but a drowning man loves company.

One officer swam by me and said, "Let's make for that raft." I shook my head no, and he swam on.

ABOUT ten yards from me I saw two youngsters—they must have been eighteen—laughing and joking, and I heard one say, "I'll race you to Singapore." We were fifty miles from shore and one hundred and fifty miles north of the city those youngsters were talking about.

It was the tide, not my efforts, that brought me near the Carley float. The Carley contraptions are rafts, fifteen feet long, ten feet wide, and bounded on all sides by a foot-high bulge. Extending around the bulge is a rope on which men can grab hold.

The raft toward which the tide carried me was jammed. There were men inside, men sitting solid on the bulge at the edge, and every handhold on the rope was occupied. Obviously there was no room for me, so I made no effort whatsoever, letting the tide carry me where it wanted. It carried me to that raft.

A Royal Marine sitting on the edge called to me when I was ten feet away, "Just a bit more, just a bit more." I didn't answer, just looked at him across that ten-foot chasm.

Gradually I drew nearer. He extended his hand as far as he could, and I stretched out my hand. For five minutes our hands were three inches apart, but I didn't have the energy to bridge that tiny gap. Once again the tide did it for me. Our hands met, clasped, and I was yanked toward the raft, leaving the small table which thus far had saved my life.

The twenty-year-old marine, Morris Graney, pushed one of the men sitting on the bulge back inside the raft, on top of another man, to make way for me. Then he pulled me onto the bulge and held me there.

His first remark was, "My Lord, do you still have your camera?"

"Yes."

"Are you all right?"

I nodded.

"Can you sit here?"

I said, "Yes, I am all right."

Actually I wasn't, and almost fell face forward into the water. Graney grabbed me, took one of my hands—my right hand, since my left was still clenched to prevent my ring from falling off—and forced it to grasp the life belt of a man inside the raft.

"Hang onto him," Graney said.

I did.

THE raft tossed and heaved with the swell of the sea. Men were bobbing and swimming on all sides near the raft, some trying to reach it, some hoping eventually to get a handhold on it. We wanted to reach a destroyer stationary about a mile or a mile and a half away. There was one paddle on board, and some one inside, using the paddle, was calling, "Heave ho, heave ho, heave ho."

Graney said, "Let's all sing." Not many voices joined in his choice, When Irish Eyes Are Smiling, but the voices that did were cheerful.

Graney wore only shorts and his thick chest was covered with oil. His brown hair streaked over his forehead and into his eyes. I think the sight of Graney helped many a man. He was almost six feet tall, husky, almost barrel-chested. Above a square jaw he had a slim, delicate mustache and blue, kind, shy eyes. In all the time I saw Graney I saw only one definable emotion expressed in those eyes. That was amusement. Graney's amusement wasn't enough, though, as the raft tossed. I was deathly sick at the stomach. I was dizzy, too, and again almost fell forward. Graney grabbed me.

"You stay right here," he said, slapping me on the shoulder.

"I am very tired," I said, "and I want to rest down there."

Graney slapped me across the face, saying, "Now, none of that. You stay right here with me."

"No. Those other men aren't on the raft," I said. "I am tired, and I can rest better in the water."

Graney's hand was digging into my arm and shoulder. It hurt, but somehow I didn't protest. I just knew it hurt.

"We're watching those other men," Graney said sharply. "They're all right. You stay right here with us."

I wasn't convinced, and twisted my head around to look inside the raft. It was the wrong time to do that. Men inside were vomiting and glassy-eyed, all of them black with oil. Two men had just died and their bodies were being gently hustled over the side to make room for more men. I felt a twinge of pity at the sight of it, but it seemed an eminently practical thing to do.

SIX or seven Jap bombers—I don't remember which—came over at about 5,000 feet. They didn't swoop down on us and they didn't drop bombs. They just went on. I don't attribute that to Japanese chivalry or Bushido. I think they were out of bombs and ammunition. With the planes gone and heads turned from the sky to the horizon, we had the impression that the destroyer was getting farther and farther away. In fact, we did see one of our destroyers steam away. Some one called in panic, "They're all going." A reply came from somewhere inside the raft: "They'll wait for us, don't worry."

Men hanging onto the rope around the side were kicking furiously. One man said, "I am going to swim for it." He started out, but when he was ten yards away he called, "I can't make it—I'm coming back." And he did. Twice men near me slipped off the raft to go to the help of men who could be seen going under.

As the minutes went on and we seemed to be getting no nearer to the destroyer, the morale on the raft began to slip lower and lower. Graney was one of the first to recognize this. "Keep kicking, keep paddling!" he kept shouting. "We will soon be there!"

As we drew near the destroyer he said, "All right, now, it's Anchors Aweigh!" And again he started singing. Almost every one joined in then, because for the first time we seemed to have a chance of rescue. We were then about one quarter of a mile from the destroyer.

Rafts and men were converging on the destroyer from all directions. We could already see some of them being hauled onto the deck of the ship. Through a megaphone an officer on the bridge was shouting something at us, but we couldn't make it out.

"They want us to hurry," one man in our raft guessed. "Anyway, that's what I'd be calling if I was on the bridge."

The oil around the destroyer was or seemed three feet thick, solid oil. To me it looked like dirty black castor oil. And it tasted the same.

A rope with a loop at the end was tossed thirty feet from the destroyer to us. We missed it. The rope was hauled back and again it was hurled. Some one grabbed it, but Graney tore it out of his hands and roughly passed the loop over me. "We have an American war correspondent here," he shouted at the destroyer. Then he waved and shouted, "Heave up, heave up!"

He asked solicitously, "Can you hold onto the rope?"

"Of course. Don't worry about me. I'm all right."

And the men on the destroyer pulled me off the edge of the Carley float. I sank underneath the oil, and for ten feet while I was being dragged underneath the surface I felt I was plowing my way through some kind of a solid wall. The pressure pounded at my head like a great rubber hammer.

Then I was beside the destroyer, contemplating the miracle of a wooden ladder hung over the solid steel side.

"Grab hold—hurry!" some one on the destroyer yelled down.

I tried to reach the bottom rung and couldn't. It was four feet above the water. The gentle undulation of the oily waves brought me nearer. I made a lunge and got my right hand on the bottom rung.

"You'll have to help yourself," a man on the destroyer called.

Down the side of the destroyer there were other ladders, and rope mats and nets; but I was afraid that if I lost my grip this time I could never make another try.

A frenzied voice called, "Hang on, hang on! But hurry!"

I GOT up the ladder. Four men dragged me over the taffrail. The deck was burning hot on my bare feet. They stripped off my clothes and some one handed me a heavy woolen parka. I put it on, and one of the officers said, "Are you all right?"

"I'm fine," I said. "Who has a camera on board this ship?"

The officer didn't know, but he called over another man, saying, "Find this man a camera. There must be one on board."

The rating scooted off, and I stood there while Graney, who had just been brought on board, kept urging me to sit down and rest.

"There's plenty of time for that," I insisted. "I've got to get a camera."

Graney emptied the pockets of my coveralls, bush jacket, and shorts, and handed over the precious notebook in which I had kept an account of the battle. I opened the notebook, and saw every page was water-and-oil-soaked but still legible.

Fifteen men were dead on the deck of the destroyer. Others were being sick from the oil. Some men were laughing and joking and inquiring after their especial buddies.

I went back to the hospital of the sick bay. It was jammed, and some of those who had died were being carried out and laid on the deck. Men with blood on their faces were being carried back to the sick bay for attention. Still more survivors were being brought on board, and I snapped pictures.

By then my feet were blistered from the hot deck, and I was leaping from hot deck plate to hatch, to another hot plate, to another hatch, as though playing hopscotch.

The destroyer was the Electra which took 1,100 men out of the hell of Dunkerque to England. The chief engineer, Frank McLeod of Southsea, Hampshire, came up and said, "I have a pair of shoes for you." He handed over a pair of the "Suitcase Simpson" caliber. "Those shoes," he said, "were last worn by one of the three survivors of the Hood. I gave them to a midshipman when I pulled *him* out of the water." He gave me an Engineers' Log Book, too, for taking notes, and I scurried about the ship, talking with survivors of the Repulse and the Prince of Wales, fitting the details of their personal experiences together.

BY REAMER KELLER

"HARDTACK"
Reamer Keller

"This would be a swell time to ask dad to sign my report card, mom."

There was no bitterness among these men about the absence of aircraft protection, just regret that they had lost their ship. One man was wailing that he had lost the pictures of his girl friend, his mother, his dad.

Another said he'd lost his penknife, to which a third replied, "Now quit your grousing. Each of us lost exactly the same thing—everything!"

In the steaming hot wardroom of the Electra forty or fifty officers were drinking tea, all naked to the waist. The heat was stifling, and as we sat there—I taking notes—the sweat poured out of us as though we were under a shower. I think that heat down there in the wardroom saved some of us from severe effects of oil poisoning. We sweated the poison from the oil out of us.

AS the sweat poured from me, I remembered how exactly twenty-four hours before I'd been seated in the comfortable wardroom of the Repulse, talking with a dozen or fifteen officers of the battle cruiser. I'd mentioned that the British tendency was to underestimate the enemy, to look at them solely through British eyes. I'd even given examples.

"Oh, the Japs can't fight," was the reply I'd gotten. "They haven't been able to beat China in four years. They're cross-eyed and they can't see to fight at night." One British officer used American slang: "As you people say, they're push-overs."

I'd protested vehemently at what I considered two cardinal sins of any military operation: overconfidence in yourself and underestimation of the enemy. "It's better," I said, "to consider your enemy twice as good, twice as smart, and twice as well equipped as you are. Then you won't be surprised."

The British officers, twenty-four hours before, had been amiable, cheerful, and skeptical. And so that night, in that smelling, sweltering wardroom of the Electra, one of the officers of the Repulse came up with a rueful smile on his face and said:

"You told us not to underestimate the enemy."

"Yes, I know," I said; "but I take no satisfaction in that now—not even grim satisfaction."

Some men sat at the table, their heads buried in their arms. A number of them had bandages on their heads. Men were asking each other, "Did you see So-and-So?"

I wanted to know about Captain Tennant. One man spoke up: "I saw him floating face down in the water."

I'd never met Admiral Tom Phillips. He came to Singapore just before the war, and immediately flew to Manila to confer with General Douglas MacArthur. He came back to Singapore, however, in time to take the Prince of Wales and the Repulse out on their first and last engagement in the Far East. Captain Leach of the Prince of Wales I'd met and talked with a few days before on a tour of inspection of his ship.

Down there in the wardroom I was told what happened to Phillips and Leach. They were last seen standing on the bridge of the Wales, the water rising up to meet them, meeting, and then covering them.

BACK in Singapore after eight hours of a speedy dash in a destroyer, I saw Captain Tennant, a bandage around his head, smiling and cheerful. He came up to me and we hugged each other, each of us saying, "Thank God you're safe!"

Within an hour I was standing in the cable office in Singapore, pounding out my first "take" of the story I had never expected to report.

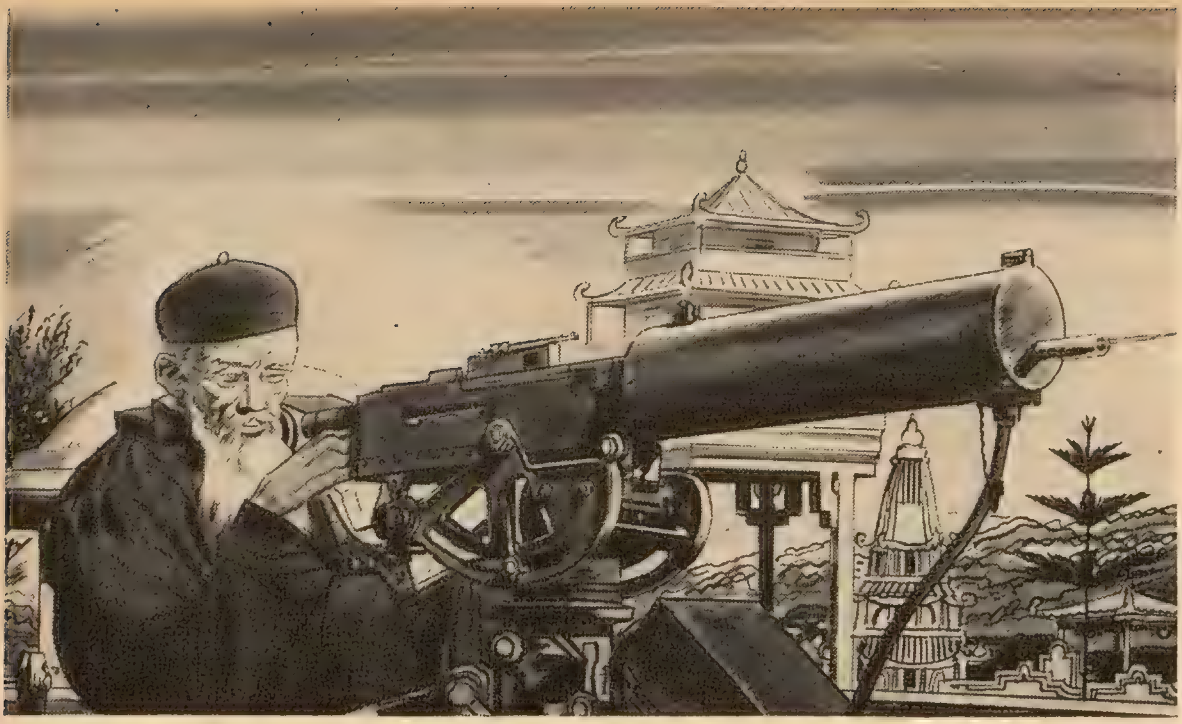
It was at the home of Alfred Duff Cooper, British Minister of State in the Far East, that I recounted, a few days later, the sinking of the Repulse and the Wales. Mr. Duff Cooper, when my story was ended, said, "Why, Brown, do you realize that the oil in the water might have caught fire?"

"Thank goodness," I sighed, "you weren't there to remind me of *that!*"

For three days and nights I broadcast and wrote, without having time to wash off the oil or shave. But throughout that time, through the sickness from the oil, the pounding in my ears, and the burning in my eyes, one constant thought kept a choke in my throat.

It was the vivid, saddening, proud memory of heroism, determination, stamina, and the way brave men die that more than fulfilled Nelson's great words to his men of the British Navy: "England expects every man to do his duty!"

THE END



UNCLE COBRA

BY LUTHER DAVIS

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

As a boy, seventy years ago, Uncle Cobra had been a magician's helper in back-country China. As an old man he was the patent-medicine king of the Far East and the wealthiest Chinese in Singapore. His tight pointed face, sparse goatee, and wise black eyes were famous all over Malaya and the Indies, for his portrait appeared on every bottle of Cobra Balm, the threepenny lotion he manufactured and which the natives bought in large quantity.

That is, until word spread that Uncle Cobra was not giving any money—not a penny—to Chiang Kai-shek. Immediately a new preparation began to infringe Cobra Balm's territory. Of course the buyers, smug at boycotting their fallen idol, didn't know that Uncle Cobra owned the "competing" company too.

They came to hate him as a man who had deserted his own people, and, even on the night of Singapore's fall, refugees hurrying past the unscorched earth of his estate paused long enough to spit. Hidden in the shadows, the old man grinned slyly at each insult, bowed, and murmured, "Thank you, brother. Thank you so much!"

At ten o'clock the roar of artillery ceased, and Uncle Cobra scampered off to the workshop of his marble palace. Here were tools of all sorts; everything necessary for the upkeep of the millions of dollars' worth of statuary and bric-a-brac upon which he had squandered almost every cent he ever earned. Humming a rakish tune, he stripped to a pair of khaki shorts and became feverishly busy.

Dawn found him hidden in the dry basin of a fountain at the center of his geometrically planned gardens. Between his bony knees was the tripod of a Browning .30-caliber machine gun, and all around him were the loose ends of wires which led into the shrubbery. At hand were cold chicken and a cooler of champagne.

Looking down a narrow path between two banks of hedges, he could watch the road. For several hours nothing stirred, and then a squad of Japanese appeared. One of them shot off the lock of the great wrought-iron gates and they wandered up the path in a sloppy column of twos. Although everything was covered with sticky black soot from the oil fires of the past week, the Japs gawked and pointed, just as the tourists had always done.

When they were less than a hundred yards away, Uncle Cobra delicately squeezed the trigger of the Browning. After several bursts only one Jap was left alive—a trembling youngster crawling stealthily toward the nearest hedge. With a pleased sigh Uncle Cobra poured champagne. Beaming, he watched the survivor gain the road.

Some thirty minutes later about a hundred men arrived in trucks. They rushed through the gates one by one and fanned out into the shrubbery.

Uncle Cobra touched two loose ends of wire together. From the great house, half a mile away, came a shrill woman's voice, loud and clear. The voice, which had the tinny quality of a phonograph record, shouted the unspeakable name of the Emperor of Japan: "Hirohito! Oh, Hirohiiitoooo!" and then broke off into scornful laughter.

The Japs rushed pell-mell toward the house. Uncle Cobra watched them pour into the building. When he heard the crack of a rifle, he smiled. More shots, the sound of breakage, and he happily rubbed his hands together.

He connected two more wires and the voice rang out again mockingly.

There was the explosion of a hand grenade from within the house, then the whole company of Japs came flying out through the many doors, and there was a solid big-time explosion that quieted the voice and reduced the house to four jagged roofless walls.

This so convulsed Uncle Cobra with laughter that he could barely tie together the last pair of wires. Immediately all the gardens—bushes, fauns, satyrs, and birdbaths—took to screaming irritably for the Son of Heaven.

The Japs tore into the gardens, knocking over statues and stamping in flower beds, but the voice continued.

When they were almost on top of him, Uncle Cobra opened fire, traversing the whole line of Japs waist-high. About two dozen fell, and the others raced back toward the house. Reorganizing hastily, they dog-trotted to the other side of the gardens and disappeared. Uncle Cobra swiveled the gun around, but could see nothing of the enemy—this time they advanced cautiously.

Then, at the very edge of his clearing, the top of a bush quivered, and he sent several pounds of lead tearing into the foliage. Some one screamed, and the whole force attacked in mass, shouting and firing.

Uncle Cobra sprayed the gun at them, and many fell. Some one hurled a hand grenade, which blew off the side of the fountain, severing the wires leading to the phonograph. The voice stopped abruptly, and then, while aiming at the grenade thrower on his right, Uncle Cobra got half a dozen slugs in his brain from the left. He fell back rigidly.

A Jap lieutenant went to the brink of the fountain and peered over at the fallen enemy.

Under the guns muzzle were three half coconut shells, arranged in line as for the old walnut trick. The lieutenant timorously lifted the first one. There was nothing under it, nor under the second. Beneath the third he found a folded piece of paper with a lot of printing on it in small type.

This was rushed into town and turned over to an English prisoner who, after he had translated it for his captors, saw to it that word of it got to every one left in Singapore. The news spread quickly, and before dusk that evening there was a long line of Chinese and Malayans passing the ruined Villa Cobra to bow humbly where a day before they had spat.

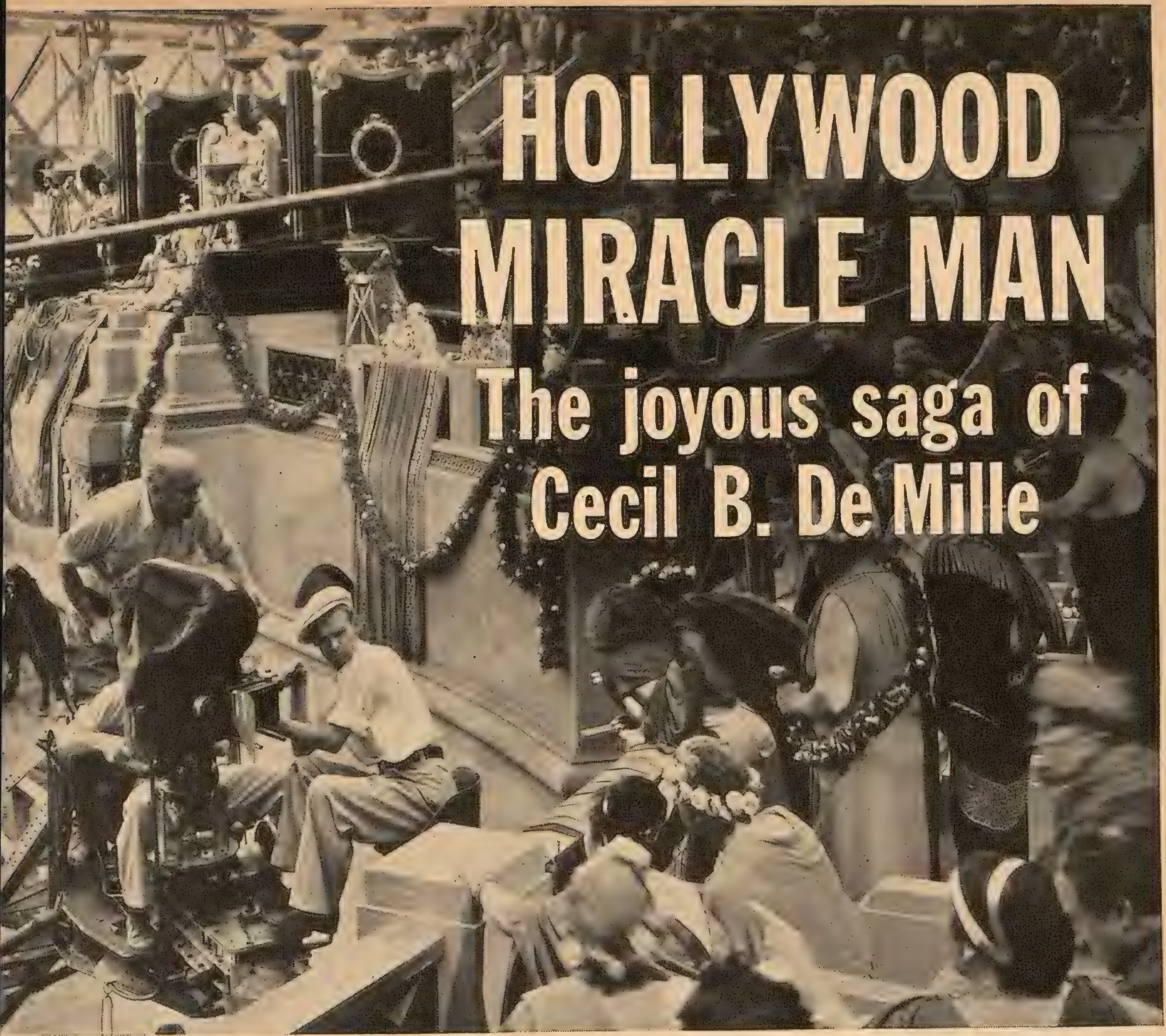
For the document was a copy of a five-million-dollar Lloyd's insurance policy. Dated five years ago, it provided triple indemnity if the villa were "irreparably damaged by organized vandalism and/or hostile military action."

Thus fifteen million dollars went to the beneficiary—Mr. Chiang Kai-shek.

THE END

HOLLYWOOD MIRACLE MAN

The joyous saga of Cecil B. De Mille



In The Sign of the Cross, a camera crane permitted moving shots and close-ups in one operation.

His sixty-six successes say that it is the public that counts—and not the critics

BY FREDERICK VAN RYN

READING TIME ● 17 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

CECIL B. DE MILLE is the only motion-picture director in America who almost ran for the United States Senate on the same ticket with Wendell Willkie. That he changed his mind at the last moment and turned down the nomination is not surprising. An ardent deep-sea diver, he is more interested in the resplendent creatures that dwell on the bottom of the Pacific than in the sad specimens in and around the Potomac. That the Republican State Committee of California considered him a suitable candidate is likewise not surprising. In his thirty tumultuous years in Hollywood Mr. De Mille has been right on at least sixty-six occasions—a truly amazing performance never surpassed or even approached by any of the lawmakers on Capitol Hill. His sixty-six pictures that grossed fifty-five million dollars for Paramount were every bit as entertaining as a filibuster on the floor of the Senate, but not nearly so dangerous.

De Mille's has been a variegated career. Nowadays, when he drives down Sunset Boulevard, past the ultramodern department stores, chromium-and-steel office buildings, and palatial markets, he often thinks of that history-making spring morning of 1912 when a young New Yorker who had never made a picture and had never heard of a place called Hollywood reached the Santa Fe Station in Los Angeles. His railroad ticket read Flagstaff, Arizona, not Los Angeles, California; but, for that matter, Jesse L. Lasky and Samuel Goldwyn, the two moonstruck individuals responsible for his trip, wanted William C. de Mille, not Cecil B. (At that time, by the way, both de Mille brothers used a small d in the family name. Later Cecil adopted the capital D.)

This sounds confusing; but then, the whole venture was an apotheosis of confusion.

Samuel Goldwyn was in the glove business. His life ambition was to buy a pair of gloves in Paris for fifty cents and sell the gloves in New York for three fifty.

His brother-in-law, Jesse L. Lasky, was in show business. He dreamed of out-Ziegfelding Ziegfeld. Neither of them had any desire or intention to monkey with the "galloping gelatins."

But it so happened that Goldwyn's life ambition was blasted to smithereens by the tariff bill of 1912, and that in the same year Lasky lost all but honor in the disastrous failure of the American edition of the Folies Bergère. So the two frustrated men got together, put their feet under a table in a Broadway restaurant, and the first thing they knew they began shouting, "Look at Carl Laemmle! Look at William Fox! Look at Mack Sennett! Look at Adolph Zukor!

Look at all the dough those guys are making!"

The more they looked at Messrs. Laemmle, Fox, Sennett, and Zukor, the clearer it became to them that it was a crime not to muscle in on the motion-picture racket.

Goldwyn, always a realist, pointed out that naturally they would have to find "some smart fellow" who knew how to produce a picture. Lasky said it was a cinch. He had in mind "just the guy" for it—William C. de Mille, a successful playwright and the elder son of Henry Churchill de Mille. "Does he know anything about the flickers?" asked Goldwyn. "Nobody does," said Lasky cheerfully. So off they went to see William de Mille.

The latter displayed a staggering amount of disinterest in their proposition. Lasky and Goldwyn started reaching for their hats. Just then William de Mille's mother, Mrs. Beatrice Mathilde (Samuel) de Mille, walked in. She had overheard their conversation and she had a suggestion to make. How about giving a chance to William's younger brother, Cecil, who was helping her to operate a play brokerage and literary agency?

Goldwyn made a wry grimace, but Lasky thought that half a de Mille was better than none at all. He began asking questions, and learned that Cecil was thirty-one, that he had proved his ability to support himself, his wife, and a child on twenty dollars a week, that he had collaborated with David Belasco on The Return of Peter Grimm and had toured the country in a lulu known as The Prince Chap. Altogether, he seemed quite a fellow.

THE following day, Lasky, Goldwyn, and Cecil met at the old Claridge grill. So impressive were de Mille's manners, so forceful his personality (fashioned along the Belasco pattern), that the erstwhile glove importer caught himself agreeing with a stranger, an accident which had never befallen Mr. Goldwyn before and was never to occur again.

By the time the apple pie was served the Jesse L. Lasky Feature Play Company was organized on the back of a menu. Its capitalization called for $20,000. The three men present took a $5,000 share each and expressed a pious hope that they would be able to find a sucker who would come across with the remaining five thousand.

Touchingly enough, William C. de Mille was the first person to be offered that royal chance. Once more he said no. He qualified his answer by stating that what little money he had he intended to keep in order to pay Cecil's fare back home from wherever he was bound to get stranded.

Dustin Farnum, a popular Broadway actor of the period, was the next best hope of the Jesse L. Lasky Feature Play Company. In exchange for his services he was offered a 25-percent interest in the company. Farnum laughed and said nothing doing. He would work for them for two hundred and fifty dollars a week, but as for that "asinine scheme," why, it was out of the window. It is estimated that had Mr. Farnum accepted the percentage deal he would have made $15,000,000 in the following ten years.

Disappointed but not disenchanted, the three partners called on Edwin Milton Royle, the author of The Squaw Man, the smash hit of the period. They offered Royle $10,000 for the motion-picture rights to his masterpiece. The catch was that he was to get only a few dollars down and trust in God and the Jesse L. Lasky Feature Play Company for the rest. Royle was not overenthusiastic about the proposition, but he could not outtalk De Mille or outgesticulate Samuel Goldwyn. At the end of a five-hour conference he broke down and said yes.

The play bought and the actors hired, De Mille started looking for an appropriate place to shoot The Squaw Man. Flagstaff, Arizona, struck him as being exactly the spot that Belasco would have chosen had he been producing Royle's social tragedy. So he put his troupe on an Arizona-bound train, shook hands with his partners, and said, "I would not sell my share for a million dollars."

IT was raining the day De Mille arrived at Flagstaff. The place looked dismal—so much so that without a moment's hesitation De Mille decided to stay on the train and continue to Los Angeles.

The following morning in Los Angeles, while he was having breakfast in his hotel, a young cowboy came to his table. He said he had heard that De Mille was going to make a picture and he wanted to offer his services as an expert horseman at five dollars a day. "How about three?" asked De Mille. "Five is my price," said the cowboy. They argued but got nowhere. Eventually the cowboy departed, but not before he had told De Mille all about a pastoral suburb of Los Angeles which the natives had nicknamed Hollywood.

Years later De Mille ran into the young cowboy again. By that time the whole nation was aware of his existence. His name was Hal Roach. Today he is president of the Hal Roach Studios and head of the Santa Anita Racetrack Association.

Thanks to the tip given to him by Roach, De Mille lost no time in finding a studio. He hired a barn in Hollywood for twenty-five dollars a month. It was stipulated in the arrangement made between him and the landlord that the latter would continue to use half of the barn for his horses and buggies. Very often, when the landlord would wash an equipage, the water would run into De Mille's "private office" and he would have to put his feet in a wastepaper basket to keep from catching pneumonia.

The stalls were used as dressing rooms and most of the picture was made on a wooden stage just outside the barn. Even the interiors were shot outside, because sunlight was then the only illumination known to cameramen.

The Jesse L. Lasky Feature Play Company was running short of cash and De Mille had to work fast. He

Mr. and Mrs. De Mille arrive at the première of Reap the Wild Wind.

finished the picture in twenty-eight days—and then discovered that the holes in the margin of the film were punched in the wrong way, with the result that no projection machine in the United States could handle it. That was not all. The holes could be fixed, but the hobnail marks which mysteriously kept appearing on the prints coming from the laboratory could not be. Later on De Mille found that certain people who were trying to corner the motion-picture industry were responsible for that sabotage.

Fortunately for him and his partners, a slight accident took place the day De Mille began shooting The Squaw Man. An actor touched a piece of waste film with a lighted cigarette and precipitated a minor fire. De Mille's heart stood still. What would happen, he asked himself, if a fire should break out in the laboratory? The very thought of it gave him chills. As much as he hated to spend additional money on film, he decided that he would make two "takes" of every scene, so that he would have a second negative in reserve should anything happen to the first. Instead of sending the second negative to the laboratory, he stored it, piece by piece, in the attic of his house. So, when the hobnail marks began appearing on the first negative and Lasky and Goldwyn were toying with the idea of committing suicide, De Mille went home and sprang into action. He gathered his spare negative and drove to the railroad station, pistol in hand and escorted by two armed guards. For four days and four nights he remained closeted in his drawing room. He went without sleep, but by the time he reached Philadelphia the cutting job was done. For the first and probably the last time in the history of the motion-picture industry, a picture was cut aboard a transcontinental train.

Mille with a falcon used in The Crusades.

The total production cost of The Squaw Man, including the money the three partners owed Edwin Milton Royle, was $25,450.24. It grossed more than $400,000. The net profit made by the Jesse L. Lasky Feature Play Company amounted to $255,000. Goldwyn and Lasky thought the whole thing a dream, but De Mille took the success in his stride. Even then, in 1912, it seemed inconceivable to him that the public could possibly fail to appreciate his efforts.

Their first taste of blood still in their mouths, the three partners dashed ahead. They worked like demons. The Virginian, The Call of the North, What's His Name? The Man from Home, The Rose of the Rancho, The Girl of the Golden West, and The Warrens of Virginia were produced and released by them in less than two years.

It was while De Mille was shooting The Warrens of Virginia that he started to experiment with lighting. Instead of "flooding" the faces of the actors in the close-ups, he decided it would be more effective to leave half of their faces in shadow. The results pleased him highly, and he was about to sit down and write a speech congratulating Cecil B. De Mille on his daring innovation when a shrieking telegram arrived from Samuel Goldwyn. "What are you trying to do—wreck all of us?" cried Sam. "The film buyers just previewed The Warrens of Virginia, and said that inasmuch as only half the actors' faces are visible they will pay us half the usual price."

Much to the astonishment of his staff, who fully expected that De Mille would fly into a wild rage, the great man merely smiled.

"Take a telegram, my dear," he said softly to his secretary. "Samuel Goldwyn, Jesse L. Lasky Feature Play Company, New York, N. Y. Dear Sam: If you and your half-witted buyers don't know Rembrandt lighting when you and they see it, it's not my fault. I advise you and them to go to school or buy a book and try to learn something about Rembrandt. Affectionately, Cecil."

Two hours later a wire arrived from Goldwyn. It read: "Rembrandt lighting, eh? If that's what it is, I'll make the buyers pay double for it."

He did, too.

CRITICS turned out to be a harder nut to crack than the buyers. Rembrandt lighting or no Rembrandt lighting, they just did not like De Mille's pictures. They accused him of distorting history, of cheap sensationalism, of too expensive surroundings and background, of encouraging hams and discouraging real talent, of sacrificing story for the sake of meaningless details, and of lack of sufficient preparation and too much speed.

The latter accusation was met by De Mille in typical Cecil B. De Mille fashion. He announced that he would put two pictures into production simultaneously. From 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. he would shoot The Cheat; then he would take a nap, eat his dinner, return to the studio, and work from 8 P. M. until 2 A. M. on The Golden Chance.

The critics swooned and even De Mille's associates said he was going a bit too far, but he would not budge. Within a month he had both The Cheat and The Golden Chance ready.

Both pictures were torn to pieces by the critics. Both pictures broke all records at the box office. And, as if to add insult to injury, both pictures

De Mille and a distinguished cast of the Lux Radio Theater.

JESSE L. LASKY
FEATURE PLAY CO
HOLLYWOOD

De Mille (on running board) and his first company in 1913.

An imposing set of the spectacular The Ten Commandn

managed to establish new stars. The Cheat made known Fannie Ward and Sessue Hayakawa to American moviegoers; The Golden Chance elevated to stardom Wallace Reid and Cleo Ridgely. "This proves," commented De Mille, "that I was right, as usual, and that pictures can be turned out like short orders in a cafeteria."

Spectacular as that double-barreled achievement was, still greater achievements were to follow. When America entered the First World War, De Mille entrusted himself with three tasks. He was going to continue making pictures in order to keep up morale. He was going to organize the Fifty-first Company of the California Home Guard and become its captain. Finally, he was going to learn to fly.

De Mille's aviation career is probably the most persistent nightmare that haunts Samuel Goldwyn. Twenty-five years have passed since that day when the "include me out" man foolishly accepted De Mille's invitation to go for a ride to San Diego in a landplane, only to discover, three miles above the Pacific, that it was De Mille's first solo flight and that C. B. did not have the foggiest notion as to what he would do with his plane, his passenger, or his precious self in case of a forced landing. Mr. Goldwyn is not exactly an almanac when it comes to facts, but his testimony has been corroborated by none other than Jeanie Macpherson, a scenarist closely associated with De Mille since 1915.

GOLDWYN and Macpherson to the contrary notwithstanding, the armistice was yet to be signed when De Mille was managing the Mercury Air Lines (the first air line in the United States to carry passengers on regular schedule) and training numerous army pilots on two airfields in Los Angeles which were named (yes, you guessed it) Cecil B. De Mille Fields Nos. 1 and 2.

An actor, a playwright, a motion-picture director, an aviator, a captain of the Home Guard, a flying instructor, De Mille possesses a knack for turning disastrous beginnings into glorious endings. When he decided years ago to buy a yacht and become a full-fledged skipper, he did not make a very auspicious start. The course which he charted for his maiden trip from Los Angeles to San Francisco is an item which a collector of De Milleana would pledge his soul to obtain. The experts claim that had C. B. actually been able to follow that course he would have landed his ship about twenty-two miles northwest of Chicago. But—there is always a super-colossal "but" in all De Mille stories—as of today, C. B. is recognized even by the most skeptical sea dogs as one of the country's outstanding amateur skippers. When he offered his yacht Seaworthy to the Navy Department a few months ago to be used as a submarine chaser, and volunteered his services as her captain, the brass hats nodded and said, of course, why not?

THERE was, however, a certain minor detail which robbed the nation of the breath-taking opportunity of seeing Cecil B. De Mille as the first American Commando. He insisted that the Seaworthy should be armed with so many guns of such-and-such caliber (a military secret); but the Navy Department either did not have those guns or did not care to part with them. So, instead of taking personal charge of the war against Jap submarines, De Mille merely turned the Seaworthy over to Uncle Sam.

The First World War over, De Mille embarked upon what is known as his bathtub period. So much has been written about those black marble plumbing fixtures which provided a Wagnerian background for the Lives and Loves of Gloria Swanson that now is as good a time as any to tell the truth. De Mille *was* the first motion-picture director to realize the striking possibilities of a black marble bathtub and he did revolutionize the bathing habits of Main Street—but he disposed of the entire business in just two films. When the darn thing became a trend and every Tom, Dick, and Harry in Hollywood began insisting on spending $50,000 on a black marble sequence, De Mille would have no more of it. By that time he was in the throes of discovering the Bible.

His first attempt at selling religion to Jesse Lasky and Adolph Zukor created a major panic in Paramount's New York office. De Mille quoted the Scriptures, but the board of directors kept on quoting figures. No religious picture had ever made money. The picture industry was not in the business of competing with churches. The people wanted to be entertained, not preached at. And so on.

DE MILLE dismissed those arguments with a wave of the hand. "All I know," he said, "is that nothing impressed me more in all my life than a painting of Moses I saw as a boy of seven in the Metropolitan Museum in New York. I still remember his eyes and his beard. And that's enough for me. What impressed me is bound to impress the American people. Think of it! I will be the first director to open and close the Red Sea."

Lasky and Zukor thought of it, and their hearts bled. It was their conviction that De Mille was destined to become known as the director who opened and closed Paramount.

The Ten Commandments earned more money for Paramount than any other picture ever produced by that company. But the many fights that preceded its making seared De Mille's soul. He was disappointed in Paramount and he decided to organize a company of his own. Several years later he rejoined Paramount, but in the meantime he produced what he still considers to be his major picture. When he speaks of The King of Kings his voice changes, his eyes radiate reverence, and his listener (unless an absolutely good-for-nothing tramp) feels he should get up and salute.

H. B. Warner, the actor who played the Saviour in The King of Kings, will never forget those grinding months when he had to lead a life befitting a man enacting the role of the Christ. No night clubs, no parties, no drinking, no smoking, no public appearances whatsoever. What puzzled Mr. Warner at the time, what still remains a riddle for him, is that peculiar compromise reached in the heart of De Mille which permitted him to curse the actor without losing any of his reverence for the Saviour.

Paulette Goddard in the recently released De Mille picture, Reap the Wild Wind.

The Crucifixion scene in The King of Kings.

De Mille was forty-eight when talking pictures became a grim reality. His critics were considering staging a nation-wide celebration—not to mark C. B.'s birthday but to hail his passing into oblivion. "The talkies," they said, "mean just one thing. No more De Mille. From now on the pictures will be directed by Broadway stage managers. Never again will we be obliged to suffer the agony of sitting through a De Mille epic."

Today, thirteen years later, the air is thick with gloom in the camp of De Mille enemies. Not only did he survive the arrival of the talking pictures, but right now he seems to be riding the crest of the wave. His latest picture, Reap the Wild Wind, played for five consecutive weeks at Radio City Music Hall in New York, a record surpassed by only four other films. He is hale and hearty, full of fight and projects, and still the mainstay of Paramount. The highest paid motion-picture director in the industry, he has become by now one of the highest paid radio performers. Millions listen to him every Monday night, and his fan mail provides considerable revenue for the government.

The trees on De Mille's ranch near Los Angeles are growing taller and taller. There is a great deal of affinity between them and De Mille. Somehow, the benevolent tyrant seems to be more at ease in the company of trees and animals than he is with human beings. Many an actor was all but shot by De Mille the director, but no animal has ever been abused by De Mille the rancher. When the superintendent of his ranch complained recently of the viciousness of one of De Mille's rattlesnakes and suggested that the creature should be liquidated, C. B. gave him that inimitable stare and said, "My dear fellow, I suggest that you submit concrete proof and firsthand evidence of the snake's guilt. I cannot act on your say-so."

When Paulette Goddard heard of it, she sighed and whispered, "Oh, to be a rattlesnake, now that C. B.'s next picture is almost here!"

THE END

20 QUESTIONS

Dr. Pinquetea, our question tester, missed Nos. 4 and 11 this week. Count double if you get these right. He said of No. 8, "Doubtless I was one myself."

1—He built the first locomotive in America, ran for President, and founded a center for free education in science and art. Who was he?

2—In the 1930s, what was "timid money"?

3—In which game is "They're walking the streets of London" heard?

4—Who is England's heir apparent?

5—Can you give the two lines preceding these:

"For the sad old earth must borrow
its mirth,
But has trouble enough of its own"?

6—Where was "Western Reserve"?

7—Who was the monster imprisoned in the labyrinth of Crete?

8—What are the Goops?

9—Would you expect to find a "rubber cow" on a farm, in the air, or under an apple tree?

10—Between what large island and mainland is the Mozambique Channel?

11—If riding a horse and he bounced you onto his withers, where would you be?

12—What is a "spoonerism"?

13—What does "naval stores" mean?

14—The widow of what senator recently married a senator who was a widower?

15—Why do the call letters of commercial radio stations in the U. S. begin with W or K?

16—If some one boasted of having a Stradivarius, would he mean a painting, a limousine, a violin, or an old buggy?

17—Where are the Islands of Langerhans?

18—A man is on first base. No one is out. The batter hits the ball to the pitcher. It bounces off his forehead, back to the catcher, who grabs it before it hits the ground. He throws it to first before the base runner can "tag up." Is either man out, or both, or what?

19—What is a cartel?

20—All over America a new given name is being bestowed on male offspring. What is it?

(*Answers will be found on page 45*)

ARMY WIFE

MEMORIAL DAY COMES TO MRS. COLIN KELLY

In an exclusive interview a gallant war widow tells of the things in her heart

BY RUTH WATERBURY

READING TIME ● 12 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

Mrs. Colin P. Kelly, Jr., first of the American war widows, and her young son.

MARION KELLY, army wife. That is the way she wishes to be known. Not as tragic young Mrs. Colin Kelly, widow of the heroic flying captain who, last December, sank a Jap battleship in the harbor of Manila and gave his life thereby.

"I'm a typical army wife," she says. "It's pure accident that I'm the first of the American war widows; that Colin was the first American officer to so distinguish himself. The honors that have come to me I cannot regard as personal. I am simply one of the hundreds of thousands of army wives in this country."

That is a fact, of course, but it is to be doubted if many girls just turned twenty-five could face the fact with such realism.

Her story could not have been, up until now, labeled typical. But, as the war goes on, soon and tragically it will be. And so it becomes a story to tell on this Memorial Day of 1942, this anniversary on which America honors its heroic dead.

Marion Kelly lives in a two-room, bath, and kitchenette apartment in a Hollywood bungalow court. "Bungalow courts" are one- or two-story buildings set around a bit of greenery and divided into living segments so small that, while each has its private entrance, the addresses run into being just fractions, like 169¼, 169½, and the like. They are never fashionable places to live, simply tiny houses adapted to slender incomes. If you walk upstairs, you save five dollars monthly. Marion Kelly lives upstairs The rent she pays is exactly one quarter of her salary as a stenographer in the Adel Precision Products Corporation, a defense plant in Burbank, California.

If she had less stanchness of spirit, she need not live this way. She could have sold the rights to Captain Kelly's life story to the movies for important money. She herself could have gone into movies. She could have accepted a starring contract for Corky, her son.

But she says, "I wouldn't have young Cork be an ex-movie star at three or four for all the riches in the world." His future as a plain American boy is more important.

I had had a hard time finding her and, even finally encountered, she was reluctant to talk. She has a private number and her address is known only to her relatives and a small group of girl friends, "all army wives, too." Until she hid out in this manner, her telephone and her doorbell rang constantly. Until she carefully concealed the name and location of the school Corky attends, he was the object of continual viewing and cuddlings from kindly but unthinking strangers. She has had to impose this privacy upon herself to protect herself not only from the overly sentimental but also the overly cynical.

"There have been the wonderful people who have written me, sending me inspirational poems and verses from the Bible, personal gifts or toys for Corky," Marion Kelly said. "I've tried to answer every letter I've got from people like that. But there have also been the people who have telephoned me and told me that all I was doing was for publicity. When I went to San Diego to christen a bomber named for Colin, the photographers asked me to stand between Colonel Ginsberg and Colonel Kenwood and to smile for the camera. I did smile. I was proud to do this. I was proud of Colin, because he had lived up to his highest ideals, because he had lived up to the ideals of the service. Yet when that picture was printed, I got an avalanche of cruel letters and phone messages, mostly from women, older women I think, berating me, asking me how I could smile when Colin was dead."

She looked at me very directly from her hazel eyes. "I have ideals I live up to also, as an army wife. One of them is to keep on smiling."

We were talking in her apartment in the early evening after she had

---

Mrs. Kelly refused to accept remuneration for this interview. She stipulated that the money she would normally have received should go to the American Red Cross Headquarters in Washington. It has.

Captain Colin P. Kelly, Jr., who lost his life after sinking a Jap battleship.

The arrow points to Mrs. Kelly's two-room apartment in a Hollywood bungalow court.

When you have read this, turn back and look again at this week's cover picture by artist Ralph Iligan

come back from work. Corky sat in the middle of the floor, happily playing with some candy Easter eggs. Marion's parents, tall, charming, dignified people, in California on a brief visit, were just leaving for a dinner party.

"Good-by, Mr. and Mrs. Grandma," Corky shouted at them as they started down the stairs.

"He gets that from his nursery school," Marion Kelly explained, smiling. "He'd never heard of Mr. and Mrs. before—just ranks like lieutenant and captain and major. So now he's very elegant, tacking Mr. and Mrs. on every one."

I had got her to talk only after some good sharp bargaining. She wouldn't take a cent of money for herself or Corky. But she would take money for the Red Cross, $500 worth. "I've never taken a dollar for the personal appearances I've made or the talks I've given," she said. "I never will. But I've seen with my own eyes the wonderful things the Red Cross does for people in war. I think it is the greatest organization in the world. I can't afford to make major contributions to it. But if Liberty will agree to give $500 to the Red Cross Headquarters in Washington, D. C., I'll gladly give you an interview."

Like any other working girl, she slipped out of her trim beige suit on a pocket of which was the big button, bearing her photograph and her number, that admitted her without question to her defense job. She put on slacks, curled up, small-girl fashion, in the corner of the couch, and talked, and by her very refusal to be sentimental or heroic, she etched more clearly the fierce young pattern of her gallantry and courage.

YOU have probably read how she and Colin Kelly met, while he was in his junior year at West Point and she was in her first year out of school and working as a stenographer. They went together exactly a year and a month before they were married, on August 1, 1937.

"West Pointers had three months free, at that time, between graduation and the first appointment," Marion Kelly said. "Colin applied for the flying service. Early in September we were sent to Randolph Field, where we had our first home."

"You faced it that soon," I asked, "the possibility of losing him?"

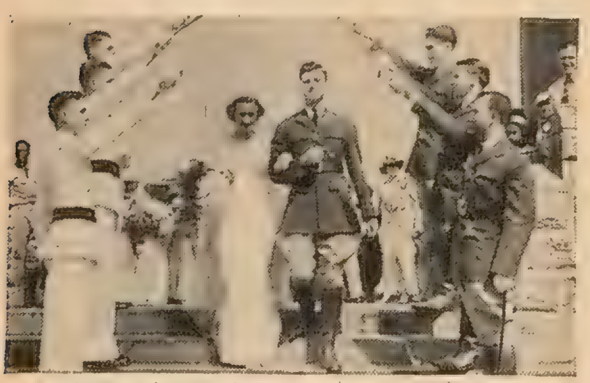
"No," she said. "No. Let me make this plain. An army wife never faces the possibility of losing her husband. That's one of the things you don't think about. You never have time. You see to that. I remember one day at Randolph some of us army wives were playing bridge together. One of the girls remarked that she had recently read a story wherein a flyer's wife had confessed that she shuddered every time she heard a plane zooming overhead. We laughed among ourselves at such sheer fantasy. If an army wife did that, she would go mad in a week. All we ever thought was to wish the planes didn't set up such a racket, forcing us to shout at one another over our bridge game.

"One of the first months we were at Randolph, seven flyers were killed in training. Colin would come in every few days saying, 'Marion, Bill Jones'—or Tom Smith or Dick Brown or somebody—'cracked up this afternoon. Go over and see Mary and do what you can.' Other months were quite similar to that one. An army wife gets so she knows just what to do—first to notify the adjutant general, then to check the insurance, then to buy the black clothes. A widow goes quietly away from the post and you help to sell her furniture and close her house. Later some new couple moves into that house."

Marion Kelly reached up and pulled on the light.

"We loved Colin's being sent out to Hawaii," she said. "It was such a beautiful post and such a wonderful life. We had many friends in the service and, mixed up with all the work, there were lots of parties and fun. We knew by last summer, however, that war was inevitable. The first week in September Colin got his orders to go to the Philippines.

"Our closest friends were another lieutenant and his wife, Ed and Ginny. We four were always together. Ed got his orders to go out to the Philippines at the same time. The date was set for September 5. They were to fly out in landplanes, starting at 4.30 A. M. Colin was in one of the first planes to land at their destination.


The Kellys' military wedding in 1937.

"It was, of course, pitch black when we got up that morning. All over the post you could see the lights coming on in the houses, those houses where some other husband was leaving. I had Corky up and dressed and I kept watching for Ginny's light and, almost as I noticed it, there were Ginny and Ed outside our door, laughing. Our hearts were heavy, but Ginny and I weren't going to be the kind of wives who go down to the flying line hanging on to their men. We knew Colin and Ed would hate that. We kissed our husbands good-by, there at our house, while we thought of funny things to say to cover up our sadness. We didn't expect to see them again for a couple of years at least.

"AFTER we learned, via short-wave radio, they had landed, all of us wives would gather every night in the radio room at 8.30 and talk to our husbands out there in the Philippines. There would be Slim, our operator, saying over and over again, 'Calling KDILH, calling KDILH.' I think I shall always remember that call signal. Suddenly we'd hear the answering voices. It was all gay. There would be all of us wives chattering away in the presence of one another, just as we knew the men were from their little radio room in the Philippines. You couldn't hope to have a personal conversation, but we'd all tease one another when some husband asked some wife where his wool socks were or some such triviality.

"It was late in November that Colin told me, on one of these radio calls, that trouble was close and that he wanted Corky and me out of the islands and back in this country.

"I closed up the house immediately, decided to go South and see Colin's parents, then to New York to see my parents, and then to come to California and enter a defense plant. I chose California because I love the climate and know it's a wonderful place to bring up a child, because I knew I could live out here on the small salary I could earn, and also because my only brother is out here, too.

"Corky and I landed in the United States on the first day of December. I had just left Colin's parents and was headed for my parents' home when I got the news of Colin's death. Because I was en route, the army hadn't known where to reach me by telegram. Therefore I got the news as I listened to a news broadcast."

She paused. For the first time her deliberately serene face became troubled, troubled by the very intensity of her wish to make me understand.

"Right then and there his death and the victory he had achieved became bigger than Colin," she said, "much bigger than I. He had died for our country, for our service. I was so proud of him."

"For the first couple of months I made personal appearances for the Red Cross, helping, I hope, to swell their funds. I stopped when my money began running low, for of course I took no salary for any of that work. I came to California. My brother met me, asked what he could do for me. 'Find me a place to live near you and near a school for Corky.' I said, and by nightfall he had found this apartment. The next day I saw an ad for stenographers at the Adel plant. I went and stood in line with the rest of the girls until somebody recognized me and moved me up to the head of it. I was hired, but otherwise I've had no special attention, and I'm glad for that. Just today I was promoted to be a private secretary, and I'm happy, for it gives me a better salary.

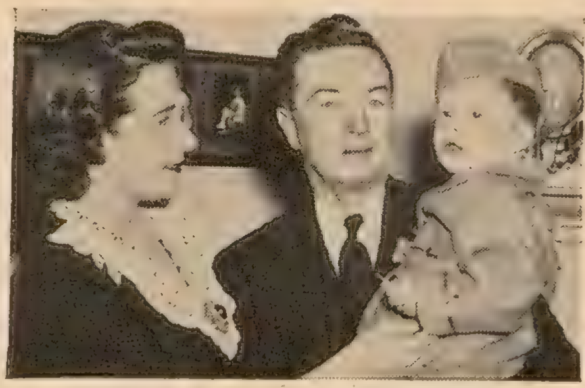
"I have to be at the plant by 8 A. M. I get up at five thirty, so that I have time to dress Corky and play a game or two with him. We eat our breakfast together. I do my housework. Then I put Corky in his little red wagon and pull him around to the nursery school, which fortunately is only two blocks away and perfectly wonderful. I know he's safe and beautifully fed. By seven thirty exactly I'm on the corner, waiting to meet the four other girls with whom I drive to work. We go in one car, to save tires. I get lunch at the plant, and get home again about four thirty.

Mrs. Kelly marches for the Red Cross.

"I try not to work overtime, except when it's imperative, and I don't go out in the evenings because if I do I miss my time with Corky, and at best I get so little of that. I have to think of Corky's future. It's my job to see he grows up worthy of Colin."

HER jaw squared suddenly. "Some of the newspapers," she said, "have been using me as an editorial subject, saying it is wrong that a hero's wife should have to support herself; saying that the pension I'm paid should be doubled or tripled. Please do me a favor and make it clear that I have no part in this, that I want no part in it. The pension I get is small, barely enough to clothe Corky, let alone feed or house us. But that doesn't alter the fact that the government can't afford to give any more to any army wife.

"All real army men protect their wives with insurance. Colin protected us. With my salary, we manage. Certainly I'd like luxury, some day when this war is over. But I want no luxury at the expense of my country."


Colin Kelly, Sr., and Colin Kelly 3d.

I thought of the regiments of lonely women about to spring into being in this country, regiments of women similar to those who now exist in England, France, Poland, Russia, Norway, and China, all because of the hatred and greed of one small man in Berchtesgaden and his yellow allies.

"Can a girl like you go on alone?" I asked. "Can you, who are so visibly the wife type, the good mother?"

It was then, for the first time, that her voice shook a little. "I can't think about that yet," she said. "Boys need fathers. I see that, whenever my brother is here. Corky clings to him yet instantly obeys him. And though I'm glad I studied stenography since it lets me earn my living now, I'm not really a career person. I love a home and being a wife and a mother. I'd like more children to grow up with little Cork. I know I would have to marry a man in the service, if I ever did remarry. Meanwhile, however, I'll do my bit by carrying on with Corky and my defense-plant work. After all, I'm luckier than many army wives in that I've got one son anyway."

THE END

PICTURES YOU OUGHT TO SEE

Spencer Tracy, Hedy Lamarr, and John Garfield in Steinbeck's Tortilla Flat.

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY 3 STARS—EXCELLENT

BY HOWARD BARNES

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

★ ★ ★ ★ TORTILLA FLAT (for all-around excellence)

SOMEWHERE outside of Monterey, on the California coast, John Steinbeck stumbled into a strangely wise group of shiftless people. He celebrated their odd notions and odd ways of living in a novel. It was made into a play which missed the whole point of the original by stressing oddity rather than reality. Now the screen has come along and given the book an eloquent and persuasive outline. With such knowing stars as Spencer Tracy, John Garfield, and Hedy Lamarr handling the principal roles and Victor Fleming handling the director's job, it is a curiously gripping entertainment.

Like the book, the screen version of Tortilla Flat sticks close to a community. It is the *paisanos*, who have lived for a couple of centuries on wine, song, and fierce loyalty, who make Tortilla Flat the fine movie that it is. For this cross section of human experience cuts deep. Its particular slice of life is not always pleasant. To a lot of us it is certain to seem a bit scrammy. But the film has a profound simplicity, honesty, and even exaltation which is irresistible.

The characters of the show are extremely simple. You are shown a group of stumble-bums moving in on a particularly reckless beachcomber who has been left two shacks by a deceased relative. The pals burn up one of his houses, clutter up the other with riffraff, and try to break up his romance with a nice girl who works in a fish-canning factory. Before the happy ending, though, you know a lot more about how human beings tick. And if that doesn't make a film noteworthy, I don't know what does.

The story is as simple as are the characters. It merely relates how good and bad people can be at one and the same time. The smartest of the *paisanos*, played by Tracy, uses his friend's windfall to buy wine and raise general Cain. His philosophy is of the you-can't-take-it-with-you variety. At the same time he saves the hoardings of a woodchopper who loves stray dogs, so that the old codger can buy a gold candlestick for St. Francis in the local church. And he atones for his near-wrecking of the romance by actually going to work.

There isn't much that one can say about Spencer Tracy at this late date. A noted director once described him to me as a fellow who knew much better than to look into the camera, but who still kept you watching his eyes. His sincerity and intensity are great assets in Tortilla Flat. Whether he is contemplating some new piece of chicanery or is turning square briefly, his acting is something to see here. The final scene, which finds him leading his pals out of a burning house and going down to the beach to sleep under a solid roof of sky and stars is tremendously funny and yet moving.

From the standpoint of action, Garfield and Miss Lamarr dominate the picture. The romance between a girl who wants to establish a home and a ne'er-do-well who decides that he wants to make that possible for her is tender and believable. Then there are such excellent supporting players as Frank Morgan, Akim Tamiroff, John Qualen, Allen Jenkins, and Henry O'Neill to give depth to the drama. Steinbeck knew what he was writing about. The theater didn't; but the screen, with Fleming's sensitive direction and the superior acting, has realized all the novel's enduring values.

(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.)

★ ★ ★ MY GAL SAL (for musical extravaganza)

A SURE-FIRE formula is used in this screen musical. By being the biography of a famous song writer, it has a plot and tunes at one crack. If the composer's career was colorful, the story is bound to be interesting. If his songs were catchy, they are certain to appeal to a wide range of film fans.

In the case of My Gal Sal the formula works well. The life of Paul Dresser, who wrote On the Banks of the Wabash and a dozen other great hits of his period, lends itself to dramatization. Since the show is based in part on Theodore Dreiser's account of his Tin-Pan Alley brother, it rings remarkably true. Dresser cut quite a figure in the days of horse-drawn trolleys and peg-leg pants. Meanwhile his songs are still delightful.

It's a lavish show. It has been screened in striking color and there are stunning period reconstructions for the song numbers and the romance between Dresser and Sally Elliott, the singing sensation of the era. Irving Cummings has staged it sumptuously, keeping a nice balance between plot and music. And the performing is surprisingly good.

I say surprisingly good, because I wouldn't have expected Victor Mature and Rita Hayworth to handle a screen musical so expertly. Mature is really fine as the cocky song writer who joined a medicine show and then hit the big time. Hayworth sings and dances engagingly. James Gleason, Walter Catlett, John Sutton, and Carole Landis are on hand to keep the action varied. My Gal Sal is a nostalgic and entertaining musical melange which should catch the fancy of several generations of moviegoers.

(Twentieth Century-Fox.)

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST THREE MONTHS

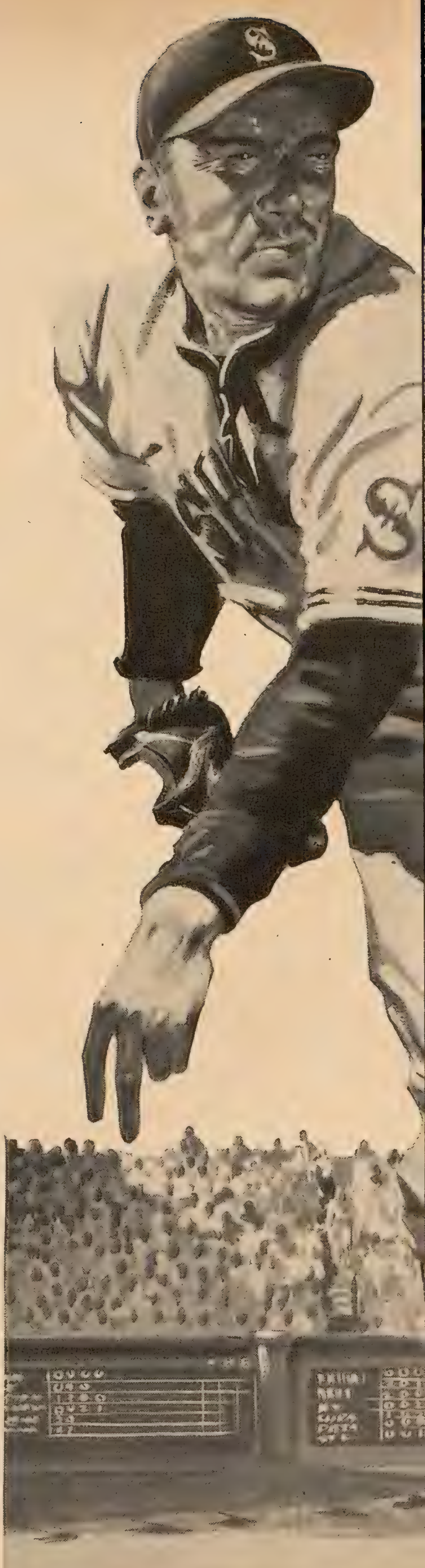
★★★★—Saboteur, My Favorite Blonde, Reap the Wild Wind, The Gold Rush, To Be or Not to Be, Mister V.

★★★—Juke Girl, Moontide, Ship Ahoy, The Spoilers, Twin Beds, In This Our Life, The Great Man's Lady, Rings on Her Fingers, Kipling's Jungle Book, The Tuttles of Tahiti, To the Shores of Tripoli, Rio Rita, The Male Animal, I Married an Angel, The Invaders, The Fleet's In, The Courtship of Andy Hardy, Song of the Islands, Roxie Hart, Ride 'Em Cowboy.

JUST LIKE PITCHING HAY

He played good ball, but fans didn't like him—and it hurt. He went back for more—and then love gave him a surprise

BY JOHN RANDOLPH PHILLIPS



READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

THERE was a time, from 1922 to the fall of '37, when you could, if you looked in the box scores, often find the Farmer's name immediately following the words "Winning Pitcher." Farmer Galt. A long slim drink of water from Indiana. A southpaw with a live fast ball, a good curve, and exceptional control. First nicknamed the Clam because of his remarkable gift for silence, later known as the Farmer.

He was twenty-two when the Spiders brought him up to the big leagues. But already he was married and had a year-old kid. Baseball was a serious proposition to him. He had that kid and a wife to support, didn't he? Baseball was his living. You bet he was serious. As serious as the fellow who runs the corner drugstore or the chap that sells you your shoes, and, as a result, no more exciting on the pitching mound than your Aunt Anna's knitting bag. But he was a cool, crafty workman, and for years he rated as the bellwether of the Spider pitching staff.

His second season in the big show he hurled a no-hit, no-run game. The writers and the photographers crowded round him. "Hey, Clam, what does it feel like to pitch a no-hitter?"

He wanted to be modest. He had a horror of saying anything that might label him a pop-off guy. So he stammered: "I—I had all my stuff today. It was j-just like pitching hay back home."

Straightway the nickname Farmer was born, and the fans around the circuit began to think of him as a dollars-and-cents guy, a chap who was in baseball just for the pay check every two weeks. In sport that's not so good.

Outwardly the Farmer got used to it. In the other cities of the league, and sometimes even at home, the fans would yell: "Hey, Farmer, how much did you put in the bank this morning?" Not a muscle would move in the Farmer's face. He'd just concentrate on the hitter, and send that sidearmed fast one in there on his sly dipping curve, or, in later years, that pitch Billy O'Neill and other writers called his "nothing ball."

But it hurt. It hurt like hell. Once the Farmer thought he'd give a year's salary to have the fans go wild over him. He was thirty then, and just at his peak. Long ago he and Kay had bought that farm in Indiana; his kid was in high school; he and Kay had cash to burn. Yes, he'd give a year's salary to hear the fans just once roar their lungs out for Farmer Galt.

The only time the Spiders got into the World Series while he was with them, the Farmer won two games. The second was the deciding game. The Farmer pitched four-hit ball and won going away. Billy O'Neill of the Daily Express wrote as follows:

> Yesterday young Phil Chasen, of the Cardinals, gave the grandest exhibition in a losing cause these hardened eyes have ever witnessed. It was his misfortune to tangle with Farmer Galt when the Farmer's nothing ball could do no wrong. Chasen was magnificent in defeat. The Farmer—well, folks, you know the Farmer is a machine out there on that mound. Chasen . . .

There was a wounded, bewildered look in the Farmer's eyes as he laid the paper down. Across the room Kay and young Joan were packing preparatory to the departure for Indiana for the off season. But Kay glanced up and surprised that look in the Farmer's eyes. She said: "Joanie, I'll bet your pop would like that last bottle of beer in the frigidaire."

Joan disappeared. Kay crossed the room swiftly. She was a slim, graceful young woman with brown eyes and dark curling hair and a mouth that was both tender and possessive. Galt had never got over the wonder of having her for his own.

"I'd like to kill Billy O'Neill!" she said fiercely. "I'd like to cut him up in pieces, inch by little inch!"

"Good gracious!" the Farmer said.

His sense of justice made him defend O'Neill, and his old trouble at expressing himself put lame words in his mouth. "I—I guess he's right. I'm paid to pitch baseball and he's—well, he's paid to write about it."

"He goes out of his way to take cracks at you," Kay contended loyally. Her hands fumbled in the Farmer's brown hair. Slender, lovely, exciting hands. "I'll be glad, so happy, Jeff, when we're out of baseball for good."

Joan returned with the beer. Forcing himself to be jocular, the Farmer said: "Joanie, what did your old man do to those Cardinals yesterday?"

"My old man mowed 'em down!" Joan cried, and here at least was the appreciation he hungered for.

In '37 the Spiders had a chance at second-place money. A win in the last game of the season would give them undisputed possession of second place. They were playing at home, and Red Mayo, the manager, sent the Farmer after that game. He was no longer the bellwether, but he was still a tough customer in the tight spots.

He was tough this time for two innings. Then a pain developed in his stomach. Just an old-fashioned humdinger of a bellyache. He fought against it angrily. The guy up there at the plate unloaded one against the distant fence. The pain almost bent the Farmer double. The next batter also hit safely. The Farmer gestured at the bench. Red Mayo hurried out.

"Better jerk me, Red. I—I've lost my stuff."

THE relief pitcher came and the Farmer went gingerly across the field. Suddenly from the stands burst an angry, shrill denunciation. Until he was out of sight the cash customers booed the Farmer.

"And you didn't tell Red Mayo you were sick?" Kay said accusingly that night. "Oh, Jeff, you great big child!"

"It might've sounded like an alibi," the Farmer said. His eyes avoided hers. He was still hearing that torrent of boos rolling like thunder across the field. The stands thought he had quit under fire. He said suddenly: "They'll never boo me again."

"Jeff! What do you mean, Jeff?"

"I'm through, kid," he told her, forcing a smile. "The Farmer has pitched his last game in the majors."

"Oh, Jeff, I'm so glad! You won't be coming home with that hurt, lost look in your eyes after you've done your level best. Jeff, we're going to be so happy now!"

She was correct about that. They were happy on the farm in Indiana. They took trips, they went to parties, they began building a new house. The Farmer fished a lot and pitched a little semipro ball just for the pure plain fun of it. Yes, they were pretty darned happy till a day in January of 1942, when Red Mayo came to the farm with a proposition.

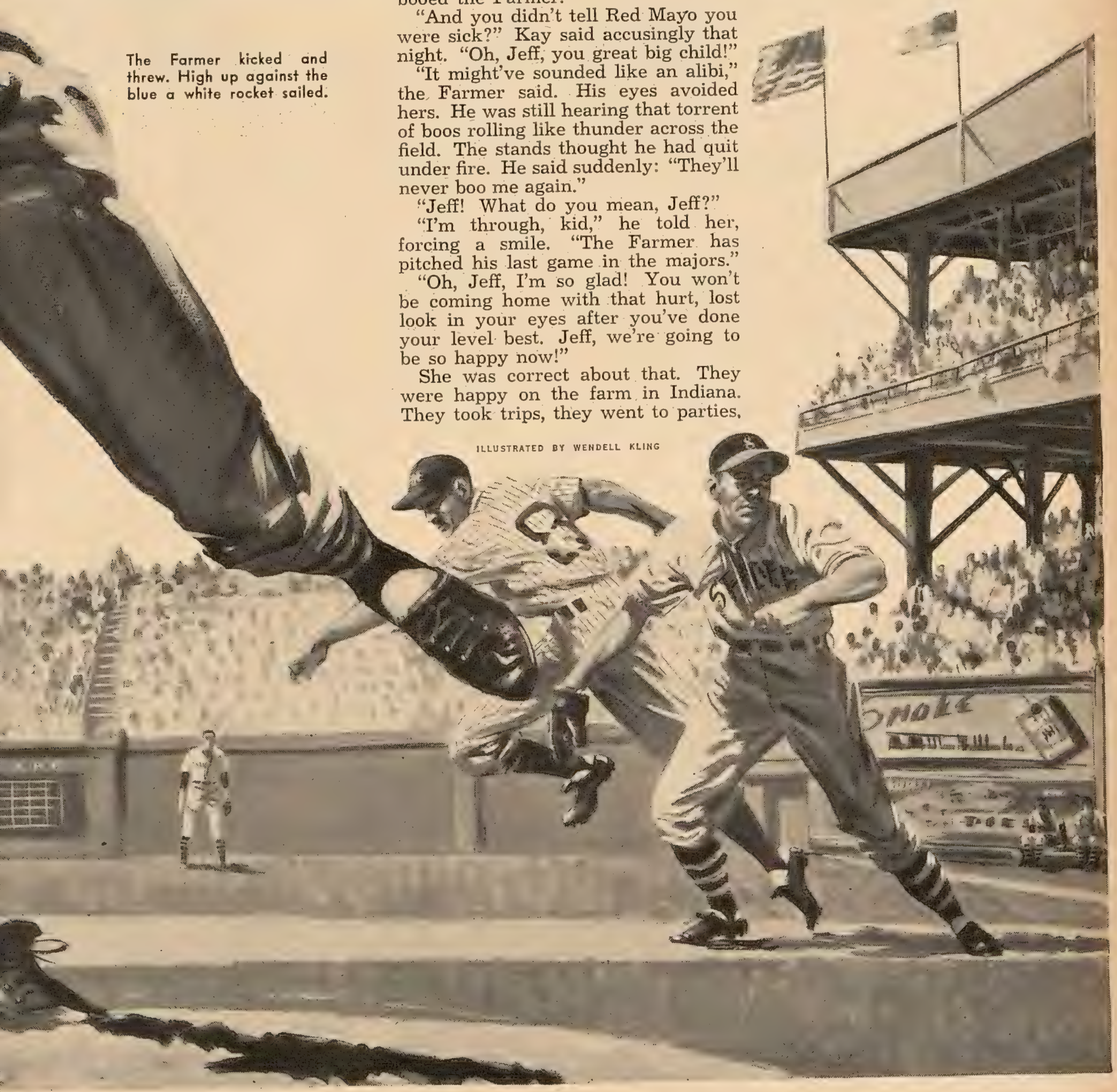
"Good heaven, Red!" the Farmer said. "I've been out of harness four years."

"I happen to know you've pitched some sand-lot ball every summer. Wouldn't take you long to get back in shape."

"But I'm forty-two years old!"

"I don't care if you're ninety-two. I want you back on my ball club this year."

Across the room Kay smiled serenely at the Farmer. It was, he thought afterward, just about the tenderest smile she'd ever given him. She was thirty-nine and she looked about



The Farmer kicked and threw. High up against the blue a white rocket sailed.

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

twenty-seven. She was actually prettier than the seventeen-year-old kid he'd married twenty-two years ago in Carolina.

A couple of young fools, everybody had called them when they ran away. He guessed they had been fools—he a kid of twenty learning to pitch in the old Sally League, Kay a child home from her first year at college. Yeah, a pair of fools. But it had worked, hadn't it?

Snatches of the past came back to him: "You're not a very great talker, are you, Mr. Galt?" "No, I guess I ain't—I mean I guess I'm not, Miss Landon." Later: "Jeff, Jeff! Aren't you trying to say you love me?" "That's—that's it—Kay."

A year later Joan had arrived. Kay's folks, and his own folks too, for that matter, had looked horrified. "The poor darlings," Kay had whispered. "Some day they'll understand that we knew what we were doing." And another year later the Spiders bought him and he was in the big show, and Kay's folks had begun to treat him like a man.

He caught Kay's smile again, tender and possessive, and he answered it with a quick little grin. She'd put her shoulder to the wheel with him and she'd never whimpered. She was tops. She was the swellest thing that had ever happened on earth. He looked at Red Mayo.

"No dice, Red," he said. "Not a chance."

"LOOK," Red said, and there was a new note in his voice. "This was going to be our year. I had Kellison, Youell, Ames, and Clancy for the best starting four in the majors. But the army takes Kellison and Ames, and then Brackett from center field. Tough? Sure. But this is an emergency, and the other clubs are hit too, and they're going to do just what I am—bring up a bunch of kids and call back a lot of old-timers to take the places of the boys we send to the service."

He paused and sweat ran down his seamy face. Kay smiled against the Farmer. Red Mayo continued:

"Hell, it's not a personal favor I'm asking. Some folks would call it a duty and—a privilege. Every guy's got to do the job he can do best. What can you do best? Pitch ball, of course. Look. Baseball is important. It's part of the—the—well, it's one of our national institutions. Look, Farmer, you see where the President gave baseball the green light?"

"Yes, I—I saw that."

"Jeff gave the big leagues sixteen years of his life," Kay said. "We aren't kicking. Baseball was good to us. It gave us all we have now. But—but it took some things, too, Red."

"I know," Red Mayo said, "I know. But if baseball is important enough for the President to say go ahead, then it's important enough for Jeff Galt to come back to it!"

The Farmer met Kay's eyes again. They were still serene, not the least bit anxious. She was so darned lovely. But Red Mayo's last speech kept ringing in his ears like a clarion call. He knew then that for the first time in his life he was going against Kay's judgment.

BY LAWRENCE LARIAR

N.Y.
IANTS
Lariar

"I've found a great pitching prospect. He's forty-five, toothless, and has three dependents!"

"You got a contract with you, Red?"

Later he couldn't wipe that stony look off his face. Red had gone and the Farmer stood looking at his wife. A thousand times before he'd wished and wished he had the ability to express himself, to put his feelings into clear, forceful speech. Now that wish was an ache inside him. But then, Kay had always understood anyway until today.

"You've been happier these last four years, Jeff, than ever before."

"Yes. But now—well, right now it seems—it doesn't seem like a time to worry about being happy or not."

Kay said: "You've always been sensitive. Very few people ever guessed that. You went up to the majors under a handicap, saddled with a wife and a baby and—"

"Kay! Stop talking like that!"

"It's the truth, honey. You had to bear down all the time. You had Joan and me to take care of, and you had to show my folks you were man enough to do it. There wasn't any time for fooling around. You—you *had* to be a machine out there on that mound."

"Damn it, Kay!"

"DON'T swear at me, darling. You had to bear down. You were too sensitive to ever open up. I remember the first time you came home with that hurt look in your eyes. You'd just struck out fifteen Chicago batters, and the fans had given you one little ripple of applause. It sounded like a tea party instead of a ball game. You couldn't understand it. Your job was to pitch, wasn't it? You were doing a perfect job, weren't you? What more did they want?"

"Please, Kay—"

"I remember that night so well. You tossed and tossed, but finally you dropped off to sleep. Then I could let myself cry. I cried myself to sleep lots of times after that, Jeff, because I knew things would never change. As long as we were in baseball, you'd be coming home with that look in your eyes. That hurt, hungry, baffled look."

"Kay—"

"Remember the night you told me you were through? I went around singing under my breath. I was singing, 'I'm so happy, I'm so happy, I'm so happy—I'll never see that look in his eyes again.' Jeff, I couldn't bear to see it again—ever."

IN a way, he guessed, she was right. He had already given sixteen years of pretty good service to what Red Mayo called one of the national institutions. Wasn't that enough? If he went back, baseball would still regard him as that dollars-and-cents guy. The fans would chant again: "Hey, Farmer, how much did you put in the bank this morning?" And that would hurt deep down in the secret places of his being. Sure, she was right, in her way; she took the stand she did only because she loved him. But Red Mayo had been right, too, when he said baseball was important enough for the Farmer to come back to it.

He said gently: "Honey, I'd like to get down to Florida next week. I can soak up some sunshine in this old whip of mine and do some hunting to build up my legs. Reckon we could get away Sunday?"

"Jeff," she said miserably, "Jeff, I'm not going to Florida."

He thought afterward that everything probably would have worked out all right if he hadn't then, for the first time in his life, lost his temper with Kay. He was sure he could have talked her into it. Even a dumb guy could have found the words with which to make her understand just how he felt. He could have said: "I took it for sixteen years. I'm man enough to take it again in an emergency." But he lost his temper.

"You happen to be *Mrs.* Galt," he told her sharply. "We're leaving Sunday!"

He left, but Kay didn't. Or, rather, she left in another direction. In Florida he said to inquiring friends: "No, Kay isn't with me. She's visiting Joan out in California. Joanie's husband, you know, is in the Air Corps. Kay went out to be with her."

Sure. That was the truth. Everything about Kay's visit to California was correct except the reason for it.

When the battery candidates assembled at the training camp, Red Mayo said: "Take your time about getting in shape, Farmer. I'm not going to pitch you till you say you're ready."

So he spent his time as his own master. But still, it was lonely in Florida. It was lonely anywhere without Kay.

THE second week in camp, Billy O'Neill arrived to start his annual tour of the training bases. He shook hands with the Farmer and said: "Think you can make it, Farmer?"

"Why not?" the Farmer answered.

"You know," O'Neill said, "there was a time when you'd have taken ten minutes to answer that question. You'd have hemmed and hawed and you'd have wound up saying you guessed you'd make it, maybe, if you got your stuff back and if, and if, and if. . . . You wouldn't be turning over a new leaf, would you, Farmer?"

Next day's Daily Express carried the following story under O'Neill's by-line:

With Kellison and Ames gone into the service, the Spiders have reached into the discards and pulled out Farmer Galt. You remember the Farmer. A pretty fair country pitcher in his day. We always thought the Farmer lacked only one thing to make him one of the truly greats of the game. He lacked that flaming will which characterizes the great competitor. The Farmer just didn't have what it takes. Sure, he could pitch you a beautiful game of uninspired ball. But his heart wasn't in it. He pitched with one eye on the hitter and the other on the pay check. To the trade he was known as a dirt farmer who also pitched baseball.

The Farmer found O'Neill sitting with a bunch of other writers on the hotel veranda. He wasted no words. Finally O'Neill said: "So you didn't like what I wrote. It's true, isn't it, every word of it? What's the matter with you? You never got on a high horse with me before." He rose lazily to his feet. "Roll your hoop. The last game you ever pitched, Farmer, you quit under fire, and you're a liar if you say you didn't."

It wasn't his nothing ball that the Farmer threw then. Nor did he take any wind-up. His left fist flashed out

"My wife's given me a new job for the duration!"

Keep it clean! That's the Little Woman's order. She's talking about our car. Says the dirt and grease and road scum that's accumulated will raise Ned with the finish. I sure thought I was in for it. And me a block captain, too!

Jumping Jupiter, was I surprised when I found how easy it is to clean and polish our bus with Johnson's Carnu. Carnu does *both* jobs at once in *half* the time—cleans and polishes with one application. It slicks up chromium trimmings, too. Rub Carnu on just hard enough to loosen dirt—let it dry—wipe it off. Just like that, your car is sparkling with its original showroom shine.

No sabotage in our garage! Johnson's Carnu removes every trace of road scum, grease, bug juice—which can damage the finish. Deterioration is retarded.

For lasting protection—to make a Carnu polish last longer—save car washings and make upkeep easier—apply Johnson's Auto Wax. At auto supply stores, service stations, regular wax dealers. If you can't obtain Johnson's Auto Wax, use regular Johnson's Wax—it's almost as easy to use. All Johnson's Wax Polishes provide positive protection.

Tune in Fibber McGee and Molly—Tuesday nights—NBC

COPYRIGHT S. C. JOHNSON & SON, INC., 1942

Your car looks like new—when you use CARNU!

Made by the makers of Johnson's Wax

WE DON'T TALK ABOUT TOILETS!

An unsanitary toilet is "unmentionable" in any household. It's unnecessary too. Ugly film and stubborn stains are removed easily and quickly with Sani-Flush. No scrubbing. Every time you use this scientific compound you clean away many recurring toilet germs and a cause of toilet odors. Do it at least twice a week.

Don't confuse Sani-Flush with ordinary cleansers. It works chemically. Even cleans the hidden trap. (Also cleans out auto radiators thoroughly.) *When used according to directions on the can, Sani-Flush cannot injure septic tanks or their action and is absolutely safe in all toilet connections and auto cooling systems.* Sold everywhere. Two handy sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, Ohio.

Sani-Flush
For Cleaning Toilet Bowls
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

Sani-Flush

CLEANS TOILET BOWLS WITHOUT SCOURING

5¢ EACH LITTLE BLUE BOOKS

Send postcard for our **free catalogue.** Thousands of bargains. Address:
HALDEMAN-JULIUS CO., Catalogue Dept., Desk M-978, GIRARD, KANSAS

Can't Keep Grandma In Her Chair

She's as Lively as a Youngster— Now her Backache is better

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

for a dead-center shot on O'Neill's chin. The writer, all two hundred pounds of him, crashed to the floor.

The other men surged forward. For a moment the Farmer thought he was going to be mobbed, and mobbed right. Then he saw O'Neill struggle to his feet.

"Let him alone, boys," O'Neill said, "before the damn fool kills all of us. Golly, what a wallop!" He faced the Farmer squarely. "I just wonder, Farmer, if I could have been wrong about you all these years."

"You want to get all them writers down on us?" Red Mayo had moaned later. "You crazy, Farmer? Going around socking sports writers!"

"Maybe I'm a tough guy," the Farmer said curtly. But he guessed he'd played the fool. If his nerves hadn't been so on edge, he'd not have provoked the quarrel with O'Neill; and if Kay were here with him, his nerves wouldn't be on edge. A little well of bitterness filled in his heart. It was her place to be here with him, wasn't it? O. K. He could stand it as long as she could.

TEN days after the season opened, Red Mayo said to him: "Let me know when you're ready, Farmer."

"O. K. Start me tomorrow, Red."

So he started next day against Boston. It was a warm day and his arm felt pretty good. Of course he had to depend more than ever on that slow twister they called his nothing ball; but he got by nicely until the eighth, when Boston nicked him for three runs and the game.

"Tough," Red said in the clubhouse. "One of them games that could have went either way."

His next time out, the Farmer handcuffed the opposition for six innings, then eased up and coasted to victory. When the team went West, he stopped Chicago and Cleveland but lost to Detroit. In St. Louis he pitched two innings of relief and saved a game for young Clancy.

Back home, he faced Boston again, and beat them that time. Walking off the mound at the finish, he flung one look up at the stands, silent except for the shuffling of departing feet, expressionless but for the yawns on listless faces. It was exactly like the old days. Who ever heard of giving a cheer for a machine?

Yet there was a difference, too. A difference in him. The silence still hurt, but he could take it now. In a time of tribulation and turmoil he had a job to do and he was doing it. Let 'em feel what they pleased about old Dollars-and-Cents Galt!

Early in June the Yankees came to town for one of those series the sports writers delight in calling "crucial." The two teams were virtually tied for the lead, with the Spiders in front by only half a game.

"I got a hunch," Red Mayo said. "If we beat the pants off them we'll break their backs. The team that's in front after the fourth game is going to be darned hard to head the rest of the way."

The Farmer nodded, and Red continued: "Clancy won't be able to pitch this series, because he worked twelve innings today. I want that first game, Farmer. I want it bad. That's why I'm starting you."

Next day, in the matter of workmanship, he pitched an epic. The Yankees were still the Yankees, murderous and destructive. But the Farmer was pitching hitless ball.

IN the sixth the Spiders gave him a run. A slim margin when you tangled with the Yankees. But it would have to do. Pitching with infinite caution, he got through the seventh and the eighth. But in the ninth, after two were out, the Spider infield let him down. Two errors placed runners on second and third. The tying and the winning runs.

The Farmer took a long time out there on the mound. Finally he let one go. The pitch nicked the outside corner and it was strike one. He reared back then and fired his fast one. Foul down the third-base line. Strike two.

The hitter would be looking for him to waste a couple now. The Farmer decided against it. He came in with his nothing ball, low and twisting just over the outside corner of the plate. The Yankee beat the pitch into the dirt and the Farmer himself threw him out at first.

Fans came streaming onto the field. They got in the Farmer's way as he beat it for the clubhouse. He could see them converging on Mott, who had homered for the lone run of the game. A couple of them collided with the Farmer, stared at him vacantly, then hurried on toward Mott. The Farmer beat it faster. He'd just pitched the most courageous game of his life, and they didn't recognize him when they met him face to face.

"We got 'em on the run!" Red Mayo chanted in the clubhouse. "We'll shoot Youell against 'em tomorrow and Mulvey the next day. We're a game and a half in front now. Say, Farmer, what you mean throwing a one-hitter at your age? Boy, you had it today!"

"I had it," the Farmer agreed, and began methodically unlacing his spikes.

Mayo shot Youell against 'em next day, all right; but the trouble was that he had to shoot Mulvey after Youell and then Frayne after Mulvey. The Yankees were in one of their hitting moods when they could murder any pitcher or any series of pitchers. They won, 10-6.

"Right back where we started from," Red Mayo moaned. "Just half a game in front, and the pitching staff shot to hell after what happened this afternoon. Of course Clancy can't go tomorrow. Look, Farmer, who would you pitch, Smitty or Dick Miles?"

"Six of one and half a dozen of the other," the Farmer answered frankly. "Looks like the Yanks have found their hitting clothes."

He wandered out into the night, and he was lonelier than he'd ever been in all his life. Two beers left him de-pressed rather than stimulated. The first reel of the movie he visited in desperation was all that he could endure. He wandered out again. A Western Union sign glittered. The Farmer surrendered. Because he was as meager a writer as he was a talker, the wire merely said:

I WISH YOU'D COME BACK

He stayed up till midnight waiting for an answer. *It's a long way to California,* he kept telling himself; *it takes time.* But at noon the next day he gave up. There hadn't been any answer because there wasn't going to be any answer. If he were a drinking man, he could get good and drunk and wind up crying on somebody's shoulder. Red would forgive him, too, because Red couldn't use him today. . . .

"You're what?" Red Mayo ejaculated.

"I'm pitching the ball game for you. Smitty or Dick Miles? The Yankees would kill 'em!"

"This ain't a time for joking."

"Let me pitch, Red!" The words were a cry strangled in the Farmer's throat.

"Look, Farmer, you've had only one day's rest."

"You talked big and important about duty when you came out to Indiana," the Farmer snapped. "O. K. We're in a tough spot and I'm the best you've got. Do your duty, Mr. Manager."

The first Yankee batter hit him for a long single into left field. The Farmer hitched up his britches. The second hitter shot one down the middle. With his bare hand the Farmer knocked it down and threw to second for the start of a double play. A patter of applause sounded in the stands. He got the final batter on a terrific fly that Mott caught against the left-field wall.

That was the kind of ball game the fans love. Rough and tumble. Knock 'em and sock 'em. The Farmer didn't have his stuff after only one day's rest. They hit him hard in every inning. But at the end of the sixth, with the Yankees leading 4-3, he was still very much in the ball game. He was pitching, Billy O'Neill wrote later, entirely with his head and his heart.

Also, the Farmer was mad. *I wish you'd come back.* The words at least came back—to torture him. You sent a telegram and you never got an answer. Suddenly you didn't give a damn about anything. The only satisfaction you had was in knowing that you were a dead-game guy pitching with an arm that hurt like hell.

IT was the first time the Farmer ever got mad in a ball game. In the seventh a hit shot through the middle. The Farmer glared at Toombs, the second sacker. "If," the Farmer said, "you'd move off that dime you play on down at second, maybe you'd stop some of them things!"

Toombs didn't reply in kind. Toombs just stood staring. Then he said: "I *was* a little slow on that one, Farmer."

Then came a legitimate hit and the Yankees had another run. The Farmer hitched up his britches again. All of a sudden he heard a low growl from the stands. Somehow it didn't sound unfriendly. A voice yelled: "Pour it at 'em, Farmer!"

"YOU'RE a little late, son," the Farmer muttered, but he poured it at 'em just the same and escaped without further damage. In the dugout, Red Mayo said: "I guess—I guess I better jerk you, Farmer. Smitty can finish the game."

"Jerk me," the Farmer said, "and make your family happy. I hear they've been anxious to collect your insurance."

"You gone crazy? O. K., Farmer, I guess you've been around long enough to know when you ought to be— Say, look at that!"

Mott had just driven one into the stands with a runner on base, and the score was tied. They couldn't break the tie, however, and the Farmer went out for the eighth inning. Again that friendly growl from the stands, changing now to a chant. The Farmer blinked.

In that inning the Yanks got two more hits off him and didn't score, because Toombs made a double play unassisted, and then the Farmer rallied enough to whiff the last hitter. And in their half of the eighth the Spiders put together a walk, a stolen base, and a double for the run that broke the tie.

"Hold 'em, kid," Mott said to the Farmer.

Mr. HI and Mr. HATT Ride Fishy-Back

We'd oughta take a cargo on - Some Kessler's, for example.
It sure is welcome "down the hatch" When once you've had a sample!
HI
HATT
KESSLER'S Private Blend
Every label bears facsimile of my signature
Julius Kessler
KESSLER'S Private Blend BLENDED WHISKEY
BLENDED & BOTTLED BY JULIUS KESSLER DISTILLING CO. INC BALTIMORE, MD. LAWRENCEBURG, IND.
FULL PINT
SMOOTH AS SILK but not "High Hat"
KESSLER'S BLENDED WHISKEY

75% Grain Neutral Spirits. 85 Proof. Julius Kessler Distilling Co., Incorporated, Baltimore, Md.; Lawrenceburg, Indiana.

"Make 'em hit to me!" Toombs cried.

"Arm O. K., Farmer?"

"Arm's fine."

He fought them tooth and nail that last inning. The first batter got a lucky handle hit. The Yanks disdained the sacrifice and the batter drove one safe. Men on first and second. They sacrificed this time, and there were runners on second and third with one out. He heard again those guys in the stands. He lifted his weary left arm. Somehow the pitch got away from him and nicked the batter on the sleeve. Hit batsman. Bases full. *Get out of this one, Farmer, with all your cunning.* He threw his nothing ball, and it was strike one.

"You can do it, Farmer!" yelled some fool in the stands.

Others took up the cry. The Farmer felt hot and tight and still mad. It was the Big Guy at the plate now. Mr. Big himself. And yet those idiots in the stands kept shouting, "You can do it!"

He tried a waster now. But the Big Guy was too smart. He just stood there and didn't move his bat off his shoulder. Ball one, strike one. Fire ran up and down the Farmer's arm.

The fans knew he was dead tired. They knew he was shot. But they didn't stop calling to him. He was their only hope. He'd volunteered to pitch after a single day's rest. He wished Kay could hear that thunder rolling out across the diamond.

He let the Big Guy have his nothing ball in close to the knees. The Big Guy fouled it back of the plate. Two strikes and one ball. The Farmer, discarding the cute stuff, reached way back into his youth for the fast one that used to be his. He blew one past the hitter. You don't fool Joe every day in the week, but the Farmer crossed him up that time. He'd struck out Mr. Big himself, and the stands told him what they thought of him.

They loved him now. They loved him as he faced big Charley. He stood very still on the mound. The rest of the world seemed to drop away from him. He was alone—so terribly, bitterly alone.

He went quickly into his wind-up, kicked, and threw. Charley swung. The Farmer stood deathly still. High up against the blue a white rocket sailed. High up and over the fence.

He watched that parade of Yankees cross the plate. Mechanically he wiped sweat out of his eyes. Not a sound came from the stands. You couldn't blame 'em, but it was tough to lose 'em just when you had 'em eating out of your hand.

As anticlimax there was another hitter to be pitched to. The guy lifted a weak fly to the outfield! The Farmer started off the mound. Halfway to the bench he came to a stumbling halt. You just can't tell about baseball fans. They should have been cussing him. Instead they were hugging him to their hearts. Cheer after hoarse cheer rolled across the field.

"Them lucky bums, Farmer! Monday they couldn't *buy* a hit off you!"

"Ask them Yankees if they got a pitcher can pitch twice in three days!"

The Farmer tipped his cap to them and beat it for the dugout. The Spiders went up for their last turn at bat, and went out. The ball game was over. The Farmer tramped his way to the clubhouse. Clancy flung an arm around him.

"YOU gave 'em hell, Farmer! If you can work with one day's rest, I sure can work with three. I'll be in there, kid, tomorrow, and I'll get that game back for you!"

"Sure you will!" the Farmer said. He felt good all over. He hurried through his dressing and escaped to the street. And once again everybody seemed to have gone crazy, because there was a mob waiting for him.

"Gimme your autograph, Farmer."

"Sign this, please, Mr. Galt."

"Them lucky bums, Farmer!"

The old left wing was suddenly sore no longer. He began autographing score cards as fast as he could. He'd heard players fret and fume about this autograph chore. Why, he'd stand here all night if they wanted him to.

"Will you sign mine too, please?"

The Farmer whirled. She was standing about two feet from him. For once in his life the Farmer let himself go completely. Right there he kissed her twice.

Then, to the man nearest him: "Look. This is my wife. I—we haven't seen each other for some time."

"O. K., Farmer. Hey, you guys, open up! The Farmer's in a hurry!"

In the cab Kay said: "But of course I didn't get any telegram. I was already on the plane. Darling!"

The taxi rolled to a stop before the Farmer's lodging place. "Mr. Galt," the driver said respectfully, "would you give me your autograph?"

THE END

DON'T BE A
PUBLIC ENEMY

BE PATRIOTIC AND SMOTHER SNEEZES WITH *KLEENEX* TO HELP KEEP COLDS FROM SPREADING TO DEFENSE WORKERS. AMERICA NEEDS EVERY MAN—*FULL TIME!*

(*from a letter by* D. L. R., Chicago, Ill.)

HELP NATIONAL DEFENSE

SAVE ON *KLEENEX** SO *KLEENEX* CAN SAVE FOR YOU!

WHEN HALF-SIZE WILL DO, TEAR *KLEENEX* IN TWO. TEAR ACROSS FOLD! SAVING *KLEENEX* SAVES MATERIAL NECESSARY TO NATIONAL DEFENSE!

----FOLD----

★ ★ ★

KLEENEX "POP-UP-BOX" SAVES TISSUES-SAVES MONEY! *BECAUSE IT SERVES UP JUST ONE DOUBLE TISSUE AT A TIME!*

WIN $25 (MATURITY VALUE) DEFENSE BOND FOR EACH STATEMENT WE PUBLISH. *WRITE HOW THE USE OF KLEENEX SAVES YOU MONEY AND CONTRIBUTES TO NATIONAL DEFENSE.* ADDRESS: KLEENEX 919 N. MICHIGAN AVE. CHICAGO

(★Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

2 for 1...

MY *KLEENEX* DOES DOUBLE-DUTY! AFTER USING IT TO REMOVE FACE CREAM, IT'S PERFECT TO SHINE UP FURNITURE, LEATHER SHOES AND PURSE!

(*from a letter by* G. C. T., Pomona, Calif.)

ENEMY OUTPOST—

Continued from Page 10

"But why must you go to Kakiwani?" Sally questioned.

"I want to see the priest. I want to confess." Rose spoke as if in terror. "But no one must know I asked you. Johnny said he would kill me if I told—if I told any one at all."

"But, Rose, the priest will soon be coming here to hear confession."

Rose looked behind her. "Miss Sally, I have seen a sign. Late last night I looked out of my window and suddenly I saw a great ball of fire. It shot up into the sky and it was big and blazing—then it was gone."

"Where was it?" Sally asked.

"Out that way." Rose pointed. "Somewhere beyond Old Woman's Lake. I know the Blessed Virgin has sent me a warning that I am soon to die, or that the world is to end. I must confess."

The door of the main lodge opened and Judge Puckett called, "Sally! Oh, Sally—are you coming?"

"Coming, sir." Then she lowered her voice: "I'll see what can be done about getting you to the priest, Rose."

WONDERING what had really happened to the girl, Sally went into the big room of the lodge. Mike Kilpatrick was not there; he had gone to his cabin.

"And Beck went off somewhere with Christopher," the judge explained, as he rounded up Mrs. Puckett and Uncle Ed to make a table.

The errand upon which the Becks had gone took them down to the forty-foot building in which ice was stored during the winter for the camp's use in summer. Christopher lifted the heavy latch and opened the door. He followed Mr. Beck inside, fastening the door behind them.

"I'm certain no one saw me," he said, as they both bent to look at a dark heap lying on the ice.

"He is still breathing," Mr. Beck observed.

"Yes," said Christopher. "Though I gave him enough poison to kill an ordinary man."

Mr. Beck knelt. He put his knee on the man's throat and pressed. Hard. At last he rose. "He is dead now," he said. He helped Christopher lift the big body and bury it under the ice and sawdust.

"He will not be found," Christopher said, "for one week, at least. And one week is long enough."

"Yes," agreed Mr. Beck. "One week from tonight. . . ."

They had now disposed of Moses Bigfoot, who had been Mr. Beck's guide for two years.

"What do you think of Johnny Buckshot?" Christopher asked.

"Not dangerous," said Mr. Beck. "He is no fool, like this one."

"And this man Kilpatrick?"

"I watched him closely at dinner," Mr. Beck replied. "I saw nothing to disturb me."

"I am not sure." Christopher opened the door. "I shall leave tonight for Kakiwani. I shall find out who he is and what he really wants."

Mike Kilpatrick was at the moment in his cabin, putting his things in place. He moved the table to a corner of the room that could not be seen from any of the windows. From an inside pocket he took out a folded map. He spread it on the table and bent over it, studying the lines and arrows drawn in red ink. Finally he said, "This camp, this Moose Club, is as near as I can get. That is, unless I want to get blown to pieces."

He returned the map to the pocket and undressed. As he got into bed he heard a motor start at the camp dock. It seemed to go out into the lake and on past Goat Island. Then it died away. Yawning, he sank back and was at once asleep.

The sound of rifle shots woke him, and he jumped up. It was bright morning. Going out onto the porch of his cabin, he saw Sally down near the shore, firing at ducks.

"Hey!" he called.

She turned. "Oh, hello. Did I wake you?"

He went back for slippers and dressing gown, then joined her, saying, "What've you got against ducks?"

"They're fish ducks," she told him. "They eat a lot of fish. We always try to kill them."

He reached out and took her rifle.

"It's an old one," she said. "I've been using it for years."

"But I didn't know the camp had been here years."

"Oh, yes," she said. "My father leased the land twenty-seven years ago from the Canadian government. For a long time just my father and Uncle Ed Carroll and Judge Puckett had it—you see, it's a club—and then two years ago they took in Mr. Beck." She added, as a big bell sounded, "That's breakfast."

"I'll hurry," Mike promised, starting back to his cabin.

Sally called after him, "Would you like to go fishing this morning?"

"I'd love it," he shouted.

Right after breakfast they had their guides bring up the canoes. Solomon Rat paddled Mike's, and old Jock Beaverman Sally's. Jock had been her guide from the first year she had come to camp, a long-legged child with two stiff red pigtails. Jock was a full-blooded Indian, an Algonquin, with white hair framing his deeply lined copper-colored face.

BEFORE they went their separate ways for the morning's fishing, Mike and Sally agreed upon where they would meet for lunch. When the morning was past, Sally was first at the rendezvous. She stepped out of her canoe, stretching high, loosening her body after the hours in the canoe.

She moved about, helping Jock skin the fish and cut steaks from their sides, until Mike and Solomon Rat arrived. After lunch Solomon amused them with a story of how he caught a pike with a whole mink inside.

"Think I'll go into the mink business," Mike said. "I'll train some pike

For ALL your
Summer Drinks
Rum Carioca
PUERTO RICAN RUM
WEST INDIES

86 PROOF

Rum Carioca

"a Rum to Remember"

RUM COLLINS

DAIQUIRI

CUBA-LIBRE

LARGEST SELLING RUMS IN THE UNITED STATES

FREE! Write for your copy of Carioca's handsome party booklet, "Recipes and Toasts for Popular Hosts" Address: Dept. G-2

Import Division
AMERICAN SPIRITS Inc.
30 Rockefeller Plaza, N. Y.

If you want to

BE WELL-INFORMED

about the war, about sports, movies, radio personalities, about America . . . .
If you want to

HAVE FUN

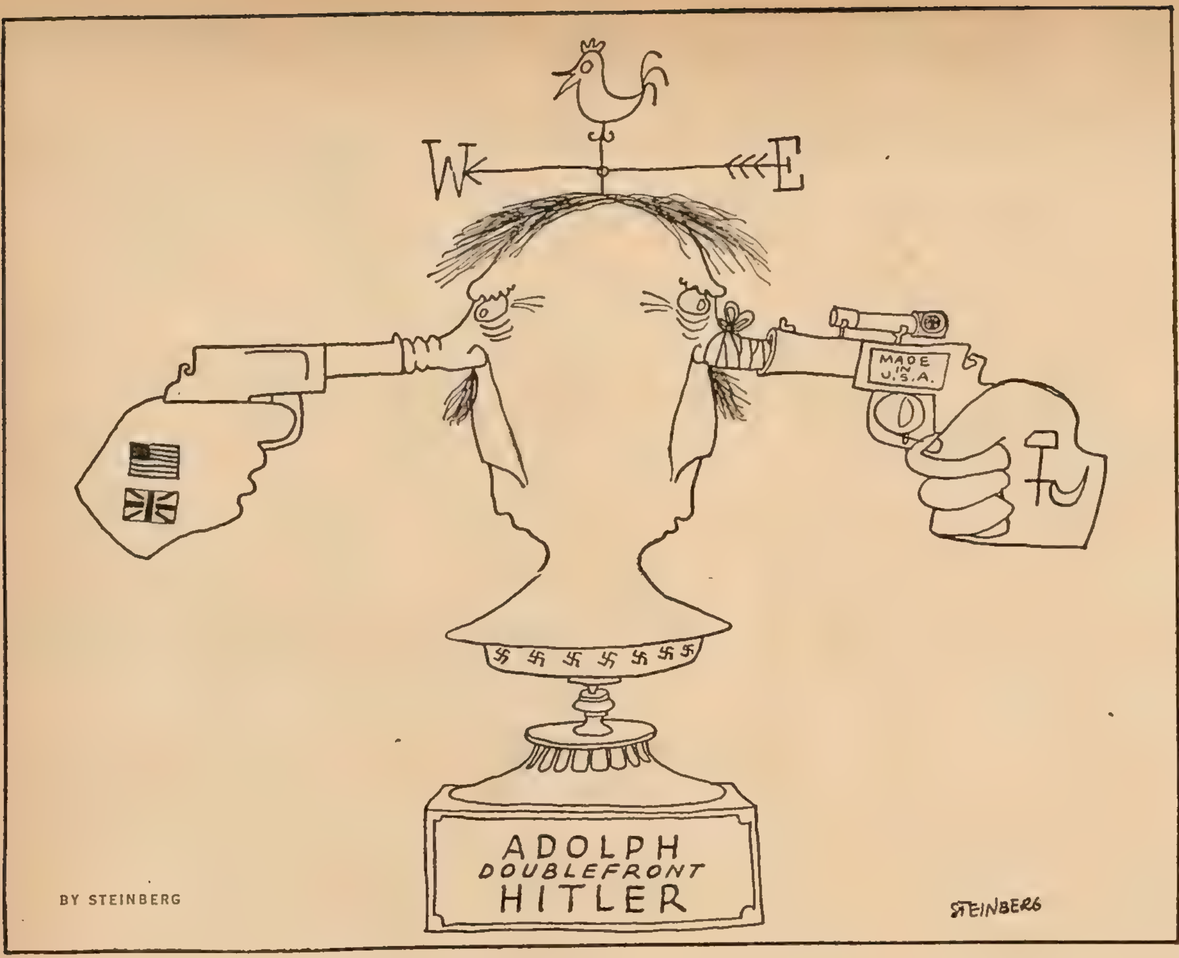
with good fiction and cartoons, with crossword puzzles and quizzes . . . . .

SUBSCRIBE TO LIBERTY

10¢ on the newsstands, $3.50 per year, but now available in a special offer of

15 Issues for $1.00

Simply send a dollar bill with your name and address to Liberty Magazine, 205 E. 42d St., New York. The magazine will be delivered to your home by mail every week for fifteen weeks. Do it NOW!



BY STEINBERG

and send them out to bring me back enough mink for a coat."

Sally was drawing in the sand with a stick. "You'll give it to your wife, I suppose," she remarked.

"I haven't got a wife," Mike revealed.

The two guides now moved a little away and talked to each other. Mike heard Solomon ask, "Who is camping at Old Woman's Lake?" And that made Mike listen.

"No one," Jock said.

"Somebody camp there for sure," insisted Solomon. "Maybe ten, twelve men camp there."

Jock didn't answer, and Solomon said, "I see tracks on portage."

Sally had caught the conversation, too. "Whose tracks?" she asked.

Solomon shrugged his great shoulders and spread his arms. Mike continued to look out over the lake as if dreaming. But he was waiting breathlessly for Solomon's answer. It was Sally, however, who spoke.

"Maybe it was Mr. Christopher's tracks and Johnny Buckshot's," she said. "They go up to Old Woman's Lake a lot. They went last night, after midnight."

MIKE thought: It was their motor I heard.

"No," Solomon said, "no one man's tracks. No two man's tracks. Ten, twelve man's tracks."

There was a silence. Mike broke it: "Old Woman's Lake—funny name. Where is it?"

They pointed northeast. Mike skipped a small flat stone over the water. "How far is it from here?"

Six or seven miles as the crow flies, they told him; but around lakes and portages, as you had to go, about fourteen or fifteen. Mike sat thinking. Down the inlet a kingfisher dived, and the sudden smash of water made him jump.

Sally laughed. "Nervous?" she teased.

"I'm not usually. But that sounded almost like an explosion." He looked directly at her. "You don't ever hear any explosions around here, do you?"

"How could we, way off in the bush like this?"

"I don't know. I just wondered."

They fished all the afternoon and came back to camp when the sun hung low over the trees.

"Thanks a lot for the day," Mike said, as they walked up the little hill from the dock. "I loved it."

"It was fun, wasn't it?" Sally said. "We'll have to do it again some time."

Before he got ready for supper, Mike spent some moments studying the map on the wall of his cabin. Each cabin had one. When he found Old Woman's Lake on it he took out his own map and located the lake on that. "Yes," he said to himself, comparing the two maps, "it is entirely possible." He put his own map carefully away and hurried to get ready for supper.

When the dessert had been served, Sally got up and went from one to the other at the table, holding out her plate and saying, "Please give me something for the bear." From Uncle Ed she demanded some of his jelly roll because, she declared, half the widows of Louisville were worrying about his waistline.

Uncle Ed Carroll was a bachelor; a wealthy tobacco man of Kentucky, a long-standing crony of Sally's father, with whom he quarreled happily all summer about the kind of fly a fish will take and the kind of whisky a man should drink. Almost alone in the world, the old man centered most of his affections on Sally. Teasing her as usual, he now muttered and protested while he gave.

Dorothy Tyler leaned forward in her seat at the end of the table and asked, "With all the sweets she gets, isn't your bear getting fat?" Her voice was low and rich.

"Maybe she is. I'll have a look," said Sally.

She went out to the tree to which the little pet bear was chained, and coaxed the still timid cub to come and eat. "By gee," she said, "you're getting too big for that collar for sure."

But, as always when in doubt, she consulted old Jock Beaverman, whom she summoned from the guides' shack. "Too tight," he said, and went to get some of the other men to help hold the bear and let the collar out a notch. Pete Mercier, always eager to be on hand for any excitement, came immediately. Frank Brazeau followed, and the three of them had almost finished the job when somehow the bear got loose, raked Pete's arm with her claws, and fled up the tree.

The commotion brought everybody out of the main lodge and out of the guides' shack. Pete, good-natured under the other guides' teasing about the squeal he had emitted, went for some heavy wire, out of which he made a noose. He climbed the tree with it and had almost snared the little bear when, at a jerk of the wire, the animal lost her hold on the tree and came crashing down out of the top of it. She struck the ground headfirst and lay dead, her neck broken.

At Sally's tears, Uncle Ed Carroll put an arm around her shoulder; and old Jock stood beside her, reaching out as if to touch her and then drawing back his hand. She wiped her tears on her jacket sleeve until Mike Kilpatrick gave her a handkerchief.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I didn't mean to be such a baby."

UNCLE ED CARROLL put his arm through hers and held it tight against him while they walked back up to the lodge, the others following. Judge Puckett—a big man with a big voice—began to tell in some detail just how he dropped a "near-record bear" on a hunting trip. But little Mrs. Puckett interrupted.

"We'll hear no more about bears, E. V.," she said.

She had the knack, as Uncle Ed Carroll enjoyed pointing out, of "making E. V.'s tail feathers droop."

The guides had gone back to their shack, all except Jock Beaverman. He carried the little bear away to the edge of the bush and buried her. When he came back to the shack he washed the dirt from his hands and then went back to his work in the corner. He was making a birchbark frame for a big bass some one had caught that day.

"By hell, I feel bad, me," Pete Mercier said. "Miss Sally love that cub."

Frank Brazeau spoke up: "I see three cubs at Round Lake today, me—three cubs and mother bear."

Old Jock worked awhile longer. Then he put the frame aside, took up his blankets and rolled them. When some one asked him where he was going, the old Indian said, "I come back." He went to the kitchen and asked for tea and bacon and hard biscuits. With these provisions and his blankets he went down to the beach and slid his canoe into the water. He paddled across Lac Royal, and past the entrance to Gunpowder Bay. As he drew near the Narrows he heard a motorboat coming toward him. He pulled over in the shadows and, unseen, waited for the boat to pass.

He paddled down through the Narrows until he came to a sharp turn in the narrow curving waterway. There he steered his canoe up on the beach. He stepped out and stood for a minute, listening. He heard no sound. Spreading his blanket on the sand, he lay down, pulled it over him, and went to sleep.

UP in the big room of the main lodge Mr. Beck had organized a bridge game to distract Sally's thoughts from her grief. "You'll be my partner, Sally," he said. "Can't play without my best partner." But she said she didn't believe she would play. He insisted, then, that she sit beside him and coach. Mike watched, too; and Mr. Beck and Dorothy Tyler played against the Pucketts.

Uncle Ed Carroll, over at a table by himself, worked away with hooks, brightly colored silk threads, and gay feathers. He was tying flies. After awhile Mike turned from the bridge table and came to watch him.

"They look good," Mike said.

"Might do the trick, all right," Uncle Ed admitted. He tried to be casual and modest, but he couldn't. He was vain about the flies he made.

Pretty soon Sally slipped away from the bridge table and went out onto the porch. Mike watched her. He waited, talking on with Uncle Ed until he thought he could leave without being noticed. Then he followed her.

"Mind if I come out?" he asked.

"Not at all." She made room for him on the bench.

"How does a fellow say he's sorry?" he asked after he had lighted their cigarettes.

"How does a girl say she's ashamed?"

"Ashamed of what?"

"Of crying like that. I'm sorry."

"Don't you be sorry. Tell you the truth, I wanted to cry a little myself."

"I'd just gotten her this summer," Sally said. "She was a this-year's cub. An Indian came through with her and father bought her for me. For a while she ran every time I went near her, but she was beginning to let me feed her, and before long we'd have been real friends. I don't care if I did cry. I loved her."

Mike moved a little so that he could see her in the light from the windows. I like this girl, he thought. And presently he had her talking, telling him about this Canadian bush country—the thousands and thousands of square miles of woods and rivers and lakes, the lakes connected by trails, by portages, or shut off in bush as thick and dense as a jungle.

"Sometimes we work our way through to one of these new lakes," Sally said. "We open up a trail as we

High School Grads 18 thru 26

WIN YOUR NAVY WINGS
BE A FLYING OFFICER

HERE'S A CHALLENGE to every young American of courage and daring who is burning to *fight* for his country! A challenge to every man who is itching to see action against the enemy—*in the air*—in America's first line of *attack!*

It's your opportunity to be a Flying Officer of the Navy . . . your chance to get into action as a pilot in the finest, fastest, most powerful warplanes in the world—the Navy planes that strike first, strike hardest wherever the foe is found.

The Navy needs men to fly these planes. Needs them urgently—today. It wants men of officer calibre—physically fit, mentally alert—men trained to act, to command, to be leaders.

If you are a graduate of high school from 18 thru 26 years of age and in good physical trim, don't wait! Apply now! If you qualify, you may begin active training as a Naval Aviation Cadet with pay of $75 a month.

Win Your Navy Wings

As an Aviation Cadet, you will receive the finest, the most thorough flight training given any man in aviation anywhere—training that will stand you in good stead when you go into active service, as well as in later life.

You will learn how to handle a plane as easily as an automobile—from the world's fastest fighters to giant multi-motored bombers. You'll learn piloting, navigation, blind flying, gunnery. You'll practice bombing against real targets. You'll become more than just a flyer. You'll be an all-round expert in aviation.

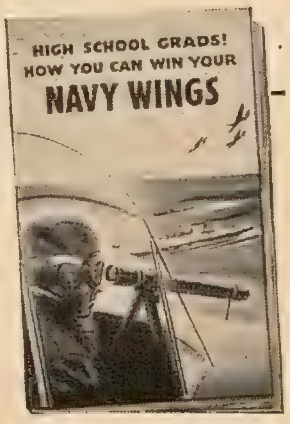
Be an Officer in the Navy or Marines

After successfully completing your flight training, you will be awarded your commission as Ensign in the Naval Reserve or as 2nd Lieutenant in the Marine Corps Reserve. You'll win the Navy Wings of a full-fledged Naval Aviator, and your pay will become $205 to $245 a month.

College Freshmen! Sophomores! If you are 17 thru 19, you may apply for Naval Aviation at once but remain in college for as long as two calendar years. Get full details on this plan from your College Dean or your Faculty V-1 Advisor.

Here's today's biggest opportunity for young men who want to serve their country. Don't miss it! For full details visit your nearest Navy Recruiting Station at once. Or mail coupon today for illustrated booklet, "How You Can Win Your Navy Wings."

FLY WITH THE FINEST—WIN YOUR NAVY WINGS



HIGH SCHOOL GRADS!
HOW YOU CAN WIN YOUR
NAVY WINGS

U. S. Navy Recruiting Bureau, Div. V-5 LY
30th Street and 3rd Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Please send "How You Can Win Your Navy Wings." I am ______ years old—a high school graduate ☐, a college student ☐, attending ______ College at ______.

Name ______

Address ______

City and State ______

Wonderful for Skin and Scalp Irritations

Effective Home Treatment Promptly Relieves Torture!

To quickly soothe the itching, burning of eczema, psoriasis, skin and scalp irritations due to external cause—apply odorless *liquid* Zemo—a Doctor's formula backed by 30 years' success. Zemo ALSO aids healing. Being stainless, invisible—you can apply Zemo anytime—it won't show on skin. Over 25,000,000 packages sold! 35¢, 60¢, $1.00.

ZEMO

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE —

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour 2 pints of bile juice into your bowels every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just decay in the bowels. Then gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these 2 pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Get a package today. Take as directed. Effective in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills. 10¢ and 25¢.

PULVEX
FLEA POWDER
—also kills Lice and Ticks
25¢ AND 50¢

RECOGNIZED ADVERTISING . . .

Liberty maintains a special department for the purpose of checking carefully each and every ad appearing in the magazine. By this means we believe that all advertising claims may be relied upon. Buy with confidence!

HAIRCUT MAKE YOU ITCHY?

Tell Your Barber to Use
SANEK* **NECK STRIPS**
Sign of the Clean Shop
Sanek* stops hair clippings from dropping down neck—protects skin from possible germ infection.
*Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and Foreign Countries
KIMBERLY-CLARK CORPORATION
(ESTABLISHED 1872) NEENAH, WISCONSIN

go. Then we fish it. It's wonderful to be the first person ever to cast a fly on a new lake. Do you know what I mean?" she asked suddenly, leaning toward him, eager for him to know, to understand about this wild country she loved.

"I think I do," he replied. "I feel that way about the mountains down in Alabama."

Through the windows the rasping and blurring of the radio came suddenly out to them. Looking in, they saw Mr. Beck turning the knobs.

"Let's go in and hear the news," Sally said.

They went inside. First, reports of the day's fighting at sea were read; the activities of American troops fighting at the different fronts were recounted. Then the announcer said: "Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania: The war of nerves goes on. Tonight the terrorizers of the nation struck at the heart of America's steel production. At six o'clock tonight the Barrow steel plant was wrecked by explosions that killed at least sixteen men and injured at least forty-three.

"The central part of the plant has been totally destroyed; and fire, reported to be hopelessly out of control, is now consuming the surrounding buildings."

Judge Puckett threw down his cards and got up from the table. "I can't understand it. I'll just be hanged if I can understand it." He talked so loudly that Mr. Beck turned off the radio. "It does look to me as if a nation of a hundred and thirty-two million people could stop these murderers from blowing up our plants and killing our men and women here at home. I've got one boy fighting somewhere in the Pacific and another somewhere in Africa. Two boys in the army. And I can't see why—"

"E. V., I also have two boys in the army." Mrs. Puckett didn't interrupt the swift click of her knitting needles as she withered the judge. "But that doesn't license me to make a ranting speech. Sit down."

"All right, mother, all right. But it makes me so all-fired mad, I could pop." The judge hitched up his belt and went to the table, where he poured himself a thundering big drink. "Why can't we stop them? How do we expect to win a war—"

THE door opened and Christopher Beck came in. "Oh, hello," he said. "Having a bridge game?"

"No," said Mrs. Puckett. "Having a speech."

"All right, mother." Judge Puckett managed a smile. "I'll be a good boy. See how she bullies me," he said to Uncle Ed. "Lucky fellow you are, never having any one to bully you."

Uncle Ed snorted. Then he turned to Christopher. "When did you get back? I didn't hear your motor."

"Only a moment ago, sir. I just came in through the Narrows."

"You fish at Old Woman's Lake today?"

"Yes, sir."

"Catch anything?"

"No, sir; they weren't rising at all."

Uncle Ed grunted as he turned back to his work.

Judge Puckett finished his drink and went over to his wife. Bowing with exaggerated gallantry, he proffered his arm, saying, "Madam, may I see you to your cabin?"

"You're not forgiven," she said, as she gathered up her knitting, "but I'm sleepy, so I'll come along."

Soon Mike and Uncle Ed went to their cabins. Then Dorothy Tyler and Sally went off to bed. Mr. Beck and Christopher were alone.

"All right, tell me," Mr. Beck said.

Christopher got up and went to the door, closing it tightly. Then he returned and stood looking down at Mr. Beck, seated in an armchair. "I put through a call from Kakiwani early this morning. I got an answer this afternoon. They don't know much about Kilpatrick, except they know he's lying—he is not a geologist."

"So!" Surprise and annoyance were in the word as Mr. Beck spoke it.

"They promise a full report on him by Friday," the younger man said.

"And until then—"

"Until then he must take his chances. If he tries to interfere with us before next Sunday night, before the twelfth, I shall kill him."

Tuesday morning,
July 7, 1942.
Chicago, Ill.

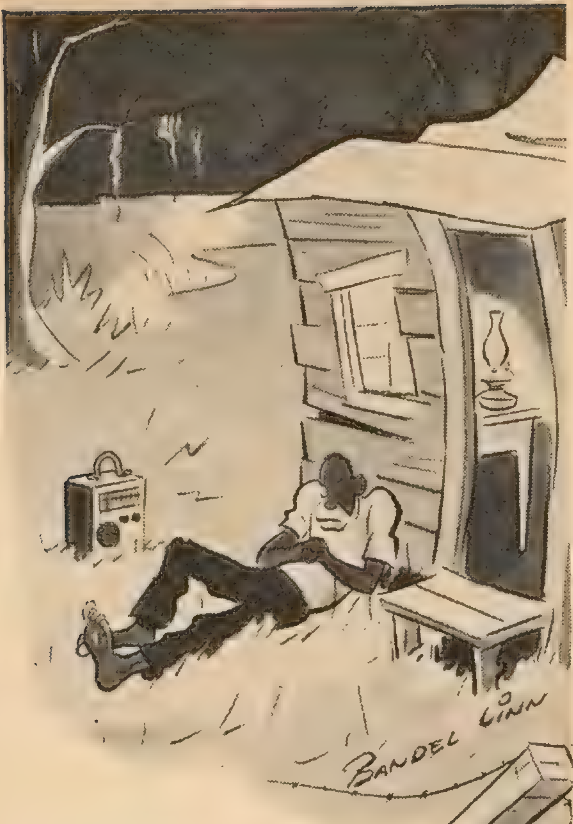
GEORGE R. HIGGINBOTHAM, owner and general manager of the U-Carry Dry Cleaning Company of Chicago, received the suits that the boy brought in and laid on the counter. He went through the pockets of each coat and each pair of trousers. In one coat he found a pencil, in another a pack of safety matches, in another a bottle opener. In one pair of trousers he found a handkerchief. Mr. Higginbotham laid all these things aside, then wrote a ticket for each suit, just as he had done for the six years he had owned the establishment.

He took the suits into the back room, where they would be cleaned and pressed, and he took the things he had found in the pockets into the alcove that served as his office. He picked out the pencil, pressed the eraser at the end of it. The lead fell out. Then a piece of paper, tightly wrapped, dropped out. Mr. Higginbotham opened the paper and put it into a wide-mouthed bottle marked "Cleaning Fluid." In a minute he took it out and read what had now appeared on it. Then he burned it.

He went to the safe and opened it. He took out some envelopes and put them into his pocket. He put all the money from the safe into his billfold. Then he put on his hat and coat and went into the back room to talk to the woman who had been his assistant since he first opened the shop.

"I've decided all of a sudden that I must visit my brother in Kansas City," he told her. "And I'm leaving right now."

He looked at his watch. "Take good



BY BANDEL LINN

"Good-evening-Mr.-and-Mrs.-North-America-and-all-the-ships-and-Clippers-at-sea—Let's-go-to-press! Flash!"

care of things. I'll be back next week sometime."

Mr. Higginbotham went to the roominghouse where he lived, and packed a bag. He explained to his landlady where he was going. At the railroad ticket office he bought a ticket for Kansas City. He talked to the man at the window about Kansas City. He made certain that the man knew he was going to Kansas City.

Then he went out to the train and got on a crowded day coach. At Joliet, Illinois, he got off the train and went out of the station. In front of the station he stepped into an automobile.

"Is it all right?" asked the driver.

"Yes," said Mr. Higginbotham.

"Well?" asked the driver as he turned the corner and headed back toward Chicago.

"The time has been decided," said Mr. Higginbotham. "It will be next Sunday, the twelfth." . . .

After breakfast on Mike's second morning in camp he and three of the guides were pitching horseshoes in front of the guides' shack. On the porch sat the other guides, having a big time as they laughed and called instructions, taking sides in the arguments that followed almost every pitch. Sally came by and the guides made a place for her on the bench.

She asked, looking around, "Where's Jock?"

"He go last night," some one said. "He go after the little bear she kill herself."

The horseshoe game was ending, and presently the players came up to the porch. Mike sat down beside Sally. Pete Mercier, who had been his partner, was behind him. "We win," Pete announced.

"Sure we win," Mike said. "We more cheat."

"Pete," said Sally, "where's Jock?"

Pete humped his shoulders. "He say he come back, by gee, he come back."

"Moses Bigfoot, he go 'way too," another man remarked.

"He go to Rock Lake," Frank Brazeau said. "Mr. Beck, he tell me yesterday he send Moses to Rock Lake. He say Moses gone maybe week, maybe ten days."

"Well, that's that," said Sally. She and Mike got up. "I was hoping you and I could go fishing again today."

"Sorry," Mike said, as they walked away, "but I must get to work."

They went to the main lodge and into the big room. In one corner Mr. Beck was at his desk, writing.

"I'D much rather fish," Mike was saying, as he and Sally entered. "But a man must work sometimes. So I thought I'd take Solomon Rat and go off and get busy. I thought—"

"Why, my dear fellow"—Mr. Beck got up and approached them—"you must at least stay over for that dance tomorrow night. Mustn't he, Sally?"

She looked up at Mike. "You'd have fun, I'm almost sure," she said. "It's a square dance, you know."

But I didn't come up here to have fun, Mike told himself. Yet if I stay in this camp a few days longer I might pick up something. . . . A few days won't make any difference. . . .

And there Mike Kilpatrick made his first serious mistake.

Mystery deepens and peril and suspense crowd next week's chapter as a murder is attempted and a woman says more than she had intended to say.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 29

1—Peter Cooper, founder of Cooper Union in New York City.

2—Money deposited in banks because of investment fears.

3—In bridge, when a player fails to take out trumps.

4—There is none. Princess Elizabeth is the heir presumptive. Should a son be born to the King and Queen, he would be the heir apparent.

5—"Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone."
Lines by Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

6—When Connecticut in 1786 gave up its claim to western territory, it reserved about 3,500,000 acres. It is now part of Ohio.

7—Minotaur, the monster with a man's body and a bull's head.

8—Gelett Burgess' invention of a set of creatures who always did everything wrong.

9—In the air. It is a barrage balloon.

10—Madagascar and Africa.

11—On the ridge between the shoulders—practically on his neck.

12—The accidental transposition of letters in speech, as "blushing crow" for "crushing blow."

13—It is a term describing the products of the pine—as resin, tar, pitch, etc.

14—Mrs. Lucile Sanderson Sheppard, widow of Senator Morris Sheppard, married Senator Tom Connally of Texas.

15—W indicates stations east of the Mississippi; K, those west of it.

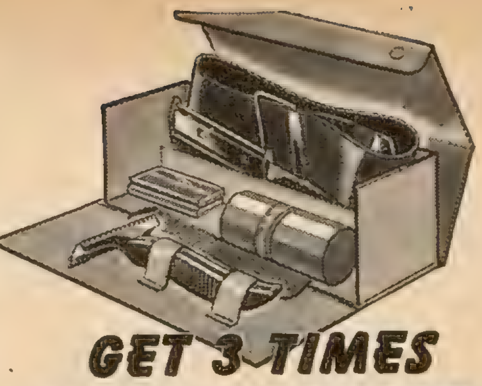
16—A violin.

17—In the human body. They are cells connected with the digestive system.

18—Both men are out. The ball is considered as fairly caught.

19—A group of business firms banded together to form a monopoly; a trust.

20—MacArthur.



GET 3 TIMES AS MANY SHAVES

Perfect Gift For Servicemen

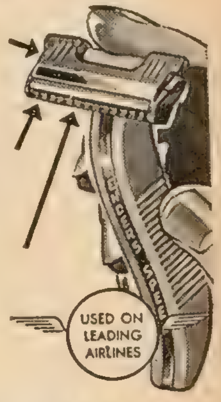
Look what you get in this amazing Enders Travel Kit:

1. Enders Speed Shaver—world's fastest shave. Blade "clicks" in, nothing to take apart. Banishes "razor burn." Clean shaves first time over. New-type head prevents nicks, scrapes.

2. Semi-automatic strop. Blades last three times as long.

3. Two packs of blades; shaving stick; handy pocket comb.

COMPLETE—$2.50 postpaid. Special—only $2 if sent to men in Armed Service.



ENDERS SPEED SHAVER

gives wings to your morning shave

ORDER TODAY • DURHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP., DEPT. D, MYSTIC, CONN.

FALSE TEETH

KLUTCH holds them tighter

KLUTCH forms a comfort cushion; holds dental plates so much firmer and snugger that one can eat and talk with greater comfort and security; in many cases almost as well as with natural teeth. Klutch lessens the constant fear of a dropping, rocking, chafing plate. 25c and 50c at druggists . . . If your druggist hasn't it, ***don't waste money on substitutes,*** but send us 10c and we will mail you a generous trial box. © I. P. INC.

KLUTCH CO., Box 2938-F, ELMIRA, N. Y.

YOUR HOSPITAL AND DOCTOR BILLS PAID!
3¢ A DAY
HOSPITALIZATION PLAN

SICKNESS or ACCIDENT

Don't allow Hospitalization expense to ruin your life savings. Insure NOW...BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE! In case of unexpected sickness or accident you may go to any Hospital in the U. S. or Canada, under any Doctor's care. Your expenses will be paid in strict accordance with Policy provisions. Individual or entire family eligible (to age 70). No agent will call.

MAIL COUPON AT ONCE

POLICY PAYS

Hospital Expenses for Sickness or Accident up to

$540.00

Doctor Expense up to

$135.00

Loss of Time from Work up to

$300.00

Loss of Life

$1000.00

...And other valuable benefits.

NORTH AMERICAN MUTUAL INSURANCE CO.
Dept. L2-6, Wilmington, Del.

Please send me, without obligation, details about your "3c A Day Hospitalization Insurance Plan".

Name ------------------------------------

Address..

City--------------------State--------------------

"SHOOTING THE SUN"

THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

COULD a soldier have about 1 minute 20 seconds of your reading time to ask just one question: *When are we going to get mad?*

It happens that *I* am mad. It happens that I had a brother on Bataan. I don't know whether he's alive or dead, but if he's still alive he's a prisoner, and I'm just as mad.

I find few soldiers and civilians who share my feeling. Sure they want to win the war. Sure they're willing to give up luxuries and work harder and pay higher taxes and buy war stamps and bonds. But are they mad?

They don't seem to realize that you can't win a war until you care so much about the things you're fighting for that you're willing to die for them. They speak contemptuously of "those little yellow --------" but they don't hate them. They think the American way of life is a fine thing, but they're not ready to roll up their sleeves and start fighting dirty to protect it.

What in hell is the matter with them? Do they think this war can be won on the production lines? I'm telling them, it can't. Machines didn't save my brother.

Yes, I am mad, Sarge. I'm willing and glad to stick my neck way out if that will make some other people mad. It's hard for decent people to forget their decency. Some months ago I hope I was as decent as the next guy. Well, I'm not decent now, and I won't be until we've beaten those tough guys at their own game.

Toughness is what I'm talking about. Let's get tough and mad. This won't be an all-out war until we do. I mean every man, woman, and child in this country. And the sooner the better. Or it will be too late.

What do you think, Sarge?

Pvt. H. V. J., Sheppard Field, Tex.

What I think, soldier, is that I'm proud to print your letter. In a recent speech Lieutenant General William S. Knudsen said, "We're really getting mad, and that's the only way to win the war." There are more people than you know who think as you do. *We are mad.*

* * *

I understand that under a new system a selectee is inducted as soon as he passes his Army physical and is not allowed to return home. Since a man can't know whether or not he will be accepted, he naturally hates to wind up all his affairs before he reports. It seems unfair and unreasonable to me.

H. V. P., Brooklyn, N. Y.

That policy was in effect for a short time, but it's been changed. Draftees are still inducted immediately upon passing their Army physical examinations at induction centers, but local draft boards can recommend immediate furloughs for those men who need time to terminate their affairs, and the Army has agreed to grant furloughs up to ten days upon such recommendation. A man about to be inducted should inform his local board of his reasons for needing a furlough, so that the board can attach the proper note to the delivery list.

Here's a good idea which isn't original with me. Now that we of the armed forces don't have to pay for postage, I put into defense stamps all the money I save by marking my mail "Free." For every eighth letter I send I buy one 25-cent stamp, and that money is never missed. If every soldier does the same the total will buy a lot of planes.

Sgt. C. A. M.,
Westover Field, Mass.

A good idea it is. And a good example to the civilians who aren't buying all the defense stamps they could and should.

* * *

A major has a higher rank than a lieutenant, but a lieutenant general outranks a major general. Why is this?

W. S., Syracuse, N. Y.

I should know, but I don't. Who does?

* * *

Regulations are that a soldier must wear his uniform at all times. In winter a soldier can go on pass and look as neat as any civilian when his o. d.s are cleaned and pressed. But will this regulation still hold for summer uniform? I have never seen a khaki blouse, have you? A fellow would feel like a nut taking his girl to some function in his shirt sleeves.

Cpl. G. D. S.,
Fort Sill, Okla.

I don't see why you should feel like a nut if every other soldier is dressed the same. If some had blouses and some hadn't, then you might feel conspicuous, but if regulations are identical for all, why worry? Be thankful you don't *have* to wear a blouse in hot weather. And what do you care whether civilians wear coats or not? You're a soldier.

* * *

Evidently the soldier who wrote that letter in April 25 Liberty about his present job of K. P. is a recent member of the Army or he wouldn't be squawking in print. Some one has to do that job or the rest of us wouldn't eat. After he's been in for a while he'll realize that what he's doing fits into the large plan . . . a plan so large that it's beyond most soldiers' conception. But it will be plainer to him after he's been in a few months. My advice to him is to stop racing his motor and eventually he'll find the proper pew in this church.

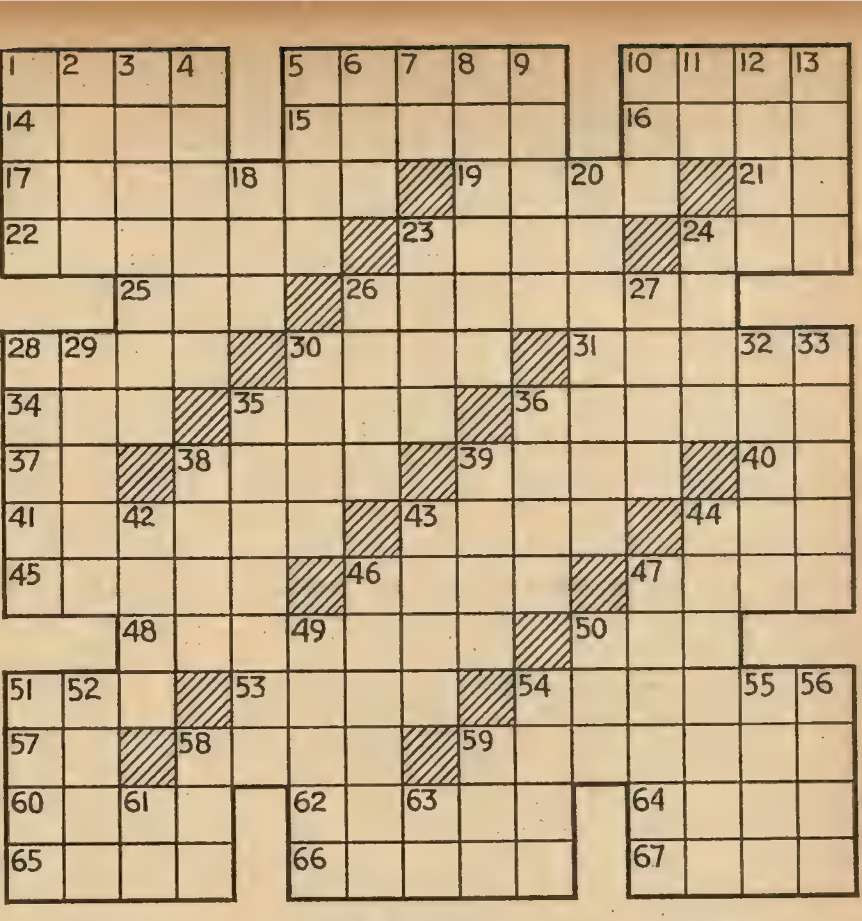
1st Sgt. R. T. L.,
Mather Field, Calif.

Sergeant, that last sentence gets the prize for the best mixed metaphor of the month. It's a gem. But don't mind my kidding—your advice is O. K.

This department of Liberty is for the men of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42 St., New York.

CROSSWORDS

BY LEE PASQUIN



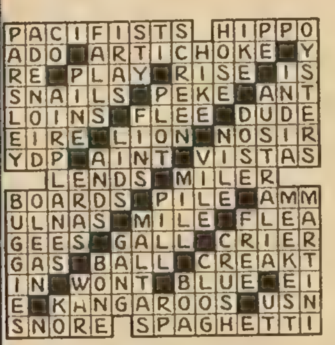
HORIZONTAL

1 Tramp
5 Iced (Fr.)
10 Pack
14 State
15 Pertaining to a branch
16 Indian tribe
17 Person who is insane
19 Fastidious
21 Article
22 Alkaloid derived from ipecac
23 Facts
24 Aged
25 Enemy
26 Danced, frolicked
28 Incite
30 Female of the horse
31 Got up
34 Stroke
35 Performed
36 Tallied
37 Preposition
38 Most desirable
39 Health resort (pl.)
40 Prefix: Twofold
41 Part of a stair (pl.)
43 Actual
44 Domestic animal
45 Declare
46 Article of clothing
47 Guards
48 Pertaining to the side
50 Dine
51 Total
53 Dash
54 Color
57 Parent (colloq.)
58 Norse deity
59 Turned
60 Always
62 Devil
64 Tibetan priest
65 Call
66 Evolve
67 Slender

VERTICAL

1 Healthy
2 Architectural ornament
3 Act of kindness
4 Speaker
5 Smile
6 Resinous substance
7 Part of to be
8 Hors d'oeuvre
9 Socially elect
10 Pronoun
11 In respect of
12 Precious stone
13 Breeze
18 Bind
20 Lynx
23 Attempt
24 Smell
26 Inclination from the level
27 God of love
28 Twirls
29 Belief
30 Lichen
32 Type of automobile
33 Corrects
35 Erased
36 Light quarrel
38 Radioactive ray
39 Marine mammal
42 Side of building
43 Grained sheepskin leather
44 Stock in trade
46 Stretched
47 Painting on a wall (pl.)
49 Slur over
50 Place
51 Word of ratification
52 Molten volcanic matter
54 Geometrical figure
55 Prefix: half
56 Kind of cheese
58 Metal in native state
59 Fabulous bird
61 Printer's measure
63 Letter of the Greek alphabet

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.



```
PACIFISTS HIPPO
ADO■ARTICHOKE■Y
RE■PLAY■RISE■IS
SNAILS■PEKE■ANT
LOINS■FLEE■DUDE
EIRE■LION■NOSIR
YDP■AINT■VISTAS
  LENDS■MILER
BOARDS■PILE■AMM
ULNAS■MILE■FLEA
GEES■GALL■CRIER
GAS■BALL■CREAKT
IN■WONT■BLUE■EI
E■KANGAROOS■USN
SNORE SPAGHETTI
```

Last week's answer

These Thin Gillettes are on the beam—
Give shaves that make a gal's eyes gleam!
They save you trouble, time and cash
And glide through tough beard in a flash.

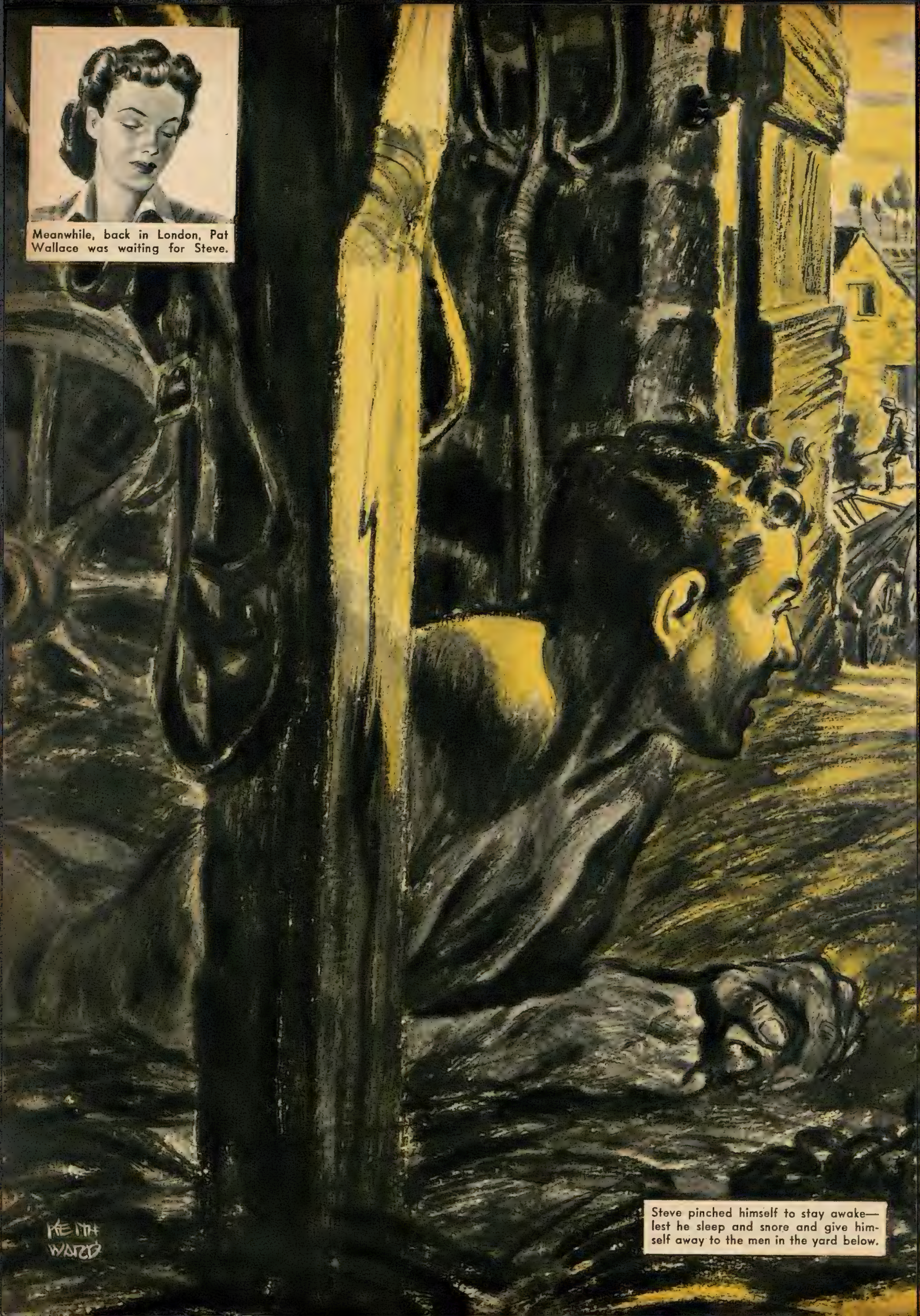
Top Quality
at Rock-Bottom
Price

THIN
Gillette
BLADES
Gillette
4 BLADES 10¢

4 for 10¢
8 for 19¢

Produced By The Maker Of
The Famous Gillette Blue Blade

Save Extra Money! Get The Big New Economy Package, 12 For 27¢



Meanwhile, back in London, Pat Wallace was waiting for Steve.

Steve pinched himself to stay awake—lest he sleep and snore and give himself away to the men in the yard below.

CHANNEL PORT

In tense, grim hours of trial, danger and despair crowd in on a valiant heart . . . The stirring story of a desperate gamble

BY LEONARD LEE

READING TIME ● 17 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

STEPHEN ARMINE, a young American working in the Cipher Bureau of the War Office in London, spoke German like a native and had made two almost successful attempts to swim the Channel. That was why Sir Emory Davisson, head of British Intelligence, chose him for a secret and dangerous mission. He was to fly over France, drop down in a parachute and, disguised as a member of the Gestapo, find out from British agents over there whether or not the Nazis planned an invasion of Britain in the near future. The information would be of no value unless it was brought back quickly, so Steve must return by swimming the Channel.

Steve undertook the job and told no one—not even Patricia Wallace, the girl with whom he was in love—where he was going. By bluff and bluster he fooled the Nazi officials into accepting him as a Gestapo man and succeeded in getting the information he wanted. Then his disguise was penetrated and he fled toward the coast, dressed in a German sergeant's uniform and driving an official German car. With the alarm out, and troops searching for him on the ground and planes watching for him from the sky, he knew the car imperiled his escape. So he sank it in an abandoned water-filled quarry and went his way on foot.

THE two planes, hedgehopping so low that Stephen could clearly make out the pilots' heads peering from their cockpits, swept over him, engines snarling hatefully. As he rose cautiously to his knees, he could see three more in the distance, strung out toward the coast. He had jettisoned the car not a moment too soon. On these empty byroads it would have stood out like a beacon to an observer from the air.

Twice more during the next two hours, as Steve made his way toward Wissant by back lanes and cart paths, hurrying at his best pace despite the pain in his ankle and the hot sun that made him sweat until dark patches showed on his dusty uniform, he was forced to take shelter as the planes roared overhead.

He was within a mile of Wissant when he saw the army truck. It rumbled along a road he had passed a few minutes before, and from behind some scrawny poplars where he had taken shelter he watched its odd behavior. It would go a few hundred yards, slow down, then start up again, and repeat the procedure farther on. The cloud of dust it raised obscured Steve's view until it topped a little knoll and again slowed; then he saw a soldier jump from the tailboard, and the truck picked up speed again. Steve looked down the road whence the truck had come. A quarter of a mile back, where the dust had settled, he could just make out a soldier climbing over a fence. The hunt was on in earnest.

Steve slipped from behind the poplars and, half crouching in the shallow ditch beside the lane, ran toward the coast. He could smell salt in the air now—he must be within a couple of miles of Cape Gris-Nez. Ahead of him, suddenly, came the deep crash of an explosion; he recognized the unmistakable sound of heavy artillery. The German big guns must be firing at a target in the Channel, or perhaps at Dover. He turned his head as he ran, to see if his pursuers were still in sight, stumbled over a log in the bottom of the ditch, and came heavily down on his bad ankle.

Somehow he got to his feet, though the pain from his ankle was agony. He pushed forward, limping. This couldn't go on much longer, Steve thought grimly. Behind him the hunters, though moving slowly, were evidently intent on combing every field for a hiding place. Ahead, where the guns were now firing with rapid irregularity, were the lines of artillery and men that lined the Channel.

The lane swerved to the right, and Steve followed its course blindly in his shambling trot. Ahead lay a little bridge of timbers, and as he reached it he saw water beneath. In a sudden surge of hope he abandoned the lane and plunged headlong down the bank to the stream. It was very small, not more than twenty feet across, and only a couple of feet deep, he found as he entered it. Nevertheless it offered a means of wiping out any footprints that might serve to set his hunters on the trail.

Slipping and stumbling, falling headlong more than once, Steve made his way downstream toward the ocean. The stream widened as he hurriedly waded around a bend that shut the bridge from sight. Ahead of him he saw that the stream twisted and turned, constantly widening as it neared the sea. It was growing deeper now, and suddenly he could no longer touch bottom. As he rounded the next bend he began to swim, hampered by the heavy soaked uniform.

The guns had stopped firing. There was no sound except the slapping of the little waves that grew steadily as he neared the ocean, and the loud panting of his own breathing. He swam automatically, trying to arrive at any plan that might give him a chance to escape. Suddenly he recoiled in mid-stroke, startled as he bumped against something that was floating half submerged. He lifted his head and recognized the object as an empty keg; thrifty French fishermen used them as floats, or markers, for the fish traps they set out in tidal waters. He was in among several dozen of them bobbing in the small waves on the ropes that held them to the traps on the bottom.

EVEN as he brushed against another of the kegs, the idea, born of desperation, flashed into his mind. He grabbed one of the kegs, pulling it with him as he swam shoreward to where he could stand on the bottom. Quickly he hauled after it the wooden fish trap to which it was attached. With feverish haste he ripped off his clothes, shoes and all, and stuffed them into the trap. Now at least his clothes were safely hidden where they could not betray him.

He smashed at one end of the keg with all the strength of his fist. At first he could not break it, and his knuckles were bleeding by the time it gave. Quickly he wrenched the fragments out, leaving the head of the little barrel open. He jammed the broken pieces of wood in among the clothes he had put into the fish trap.

Hurriedly he towed the trap out toward the center of the little bay into which the stream had widened, some thirty yards across at this point. The trap sank instantly when he released it, laden as it was with his clothing, and he prayed inwardly that nothing might come loose and float to the surface. The keg, still attached by its rope to the trap, bobbed quietly on the surface; Steve wrapped his legs around the rope, hitching a knot firmly around his good ankle to make certain that he would be able to remain motionless, with no danger of his legs rising to the surface.

He ducked his head, pulled the keg toward him, and opened his eyes to find himself in deep gloom, penetrated only by a few tiny slivers of light that entered through interstices in the keg. He dropped his hands to the rope and sank as low as he could below the water, until only his nose came up into the air space below the keg; the little waves chuckled overhead.

The patrol had gone by! Steve had heard two of the men shouting to each other as they had come down opposite banks, searching wherever the brush was thick enough to afford a hiding place. Then the sounds of the hunt had gradually faded away into the distance. But Steve had been cautious; not until a full half hour had elapsed, after he could no longer hear any voices, had he lifted his head out of the keg and above the surface.

Then, carefully marking the exact location of his particular keg, he had swum ashore and carefully reconnoitered from the bank. The country was flat enough so that he could see quite a distance in every direction as he lay gratefully soaking in the hot sunshine. The cool water seemed to have reduced the swelling and the pain in his ankle, but he was acutely aware that he needed food and rest before the ordeal that lay before him that coming night.

The first was out of the question, and philosophically he put it out of his mind. As for the rest, if he kept a sharp watch there was no reason why he should not lie at ease, letting his muscles relax in the sun. The afternoon passed peacefully, except for the occasional thundering of the big guns. Several times Steve awoke with a start to find he had dozed off, but a quick look around showed nothing dangerous.

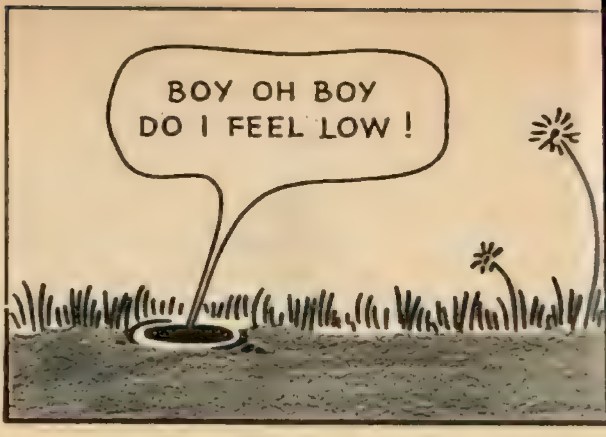
It seemed to Steve as though night would never come. Twilight cast long shadows over the fields and gradually darkness grew until he realized with a start that he could see the stars. Then the moon rose, and he cursed silently at the clearness of the night; moonlight was an added danger, but he knew that by four in the morning—the time Sir Emory expected him to begin his swim—the moon should set.

HE looked about in the moonlight, certain that the Germans would not be searching for him again till dawn. He crossed a meadow that gave onto the stream, and furrows beneath his bare feet told him of cultivation. He stooped and grubbed blindly about in the pale moonlight and at last was rewarded with a few stunted turnips.

Suddenly, from a near-by and apparently deserted barn, came guttural voices. He threw himself flat upon the ground, saw the Nazi troopers who were searching for him come out of the barn into the yard. For a moment they seemed about to head in his direction; then they walked in the opposite way to meet a car coming down the road.

Steve thought fast. They had just searched the barn. It should be a safe refuge. Crouching low, keeping the barn between himself and his pursuers, he ran. Inside the barn, he climbed high into a loft. The soldiers were coming back. Munching at the turnips, he listened to them talking in the barnyard below. They planned to spend the night there in the barnyard —to set out at dawn to search for him anew.

He was trapped. One entire day was lost to him. In a few hours it would be 4 A. M. of the twentieth—the time he was supposed to set out on his swim. And he could not escape from the barn where he was now a prisoner. All that day the English Channel patrols would be looking for him. And he would be hiding, waiting for the next hours of darkness. He could not leave until the twenty-first. And, in London, Sir Emory would have assumed that he had failed. He was truly on his own now. He could expect no help on the grim task ahead of him.



He cursed the quest for food that had trapped him. And he pinched himself to stay awake—lest he sleep and snore and give himself away to the men in the yard below.

At five in the morning they left, without having come into the barn again. He slept that day, and when darkness came went out into the field in search of more turnips. He crossed the field and came upon a road and shrank back into the shadows. A road meant patrols and danger—he had better get back to the river bank. Just as he turned, a vague shape, dark against the trees, caught his eye, and he moved carefully toward it. It was a lorry, its axle broken. Quietly he watched it for fifteen minutes, but no movement or sound came from it. At last he decided to chance it. The lorry could give him the one thing that might greatly increase the chances of success in his attempt.

Steve wormed his way through the trees, ran limping to the lorry. It was open and empty, evidently having been unloaded after its breakdown. Quickly he dropped to the ground beneath it, reaching for the grease cups under the front wheels. He found one, then the other, unscrewed both. When he hurried back into the shadows he held both hands cupped full of precious thick grease.

He had greased his face and body heavily long before the setting moon told him the time was again at hand. Now he slipped back into the stream, swam out to his keg. A few minutes of rubbing with a sharp stone and the rope that held it to the trap parted. He lashed the keg to his wrist and, towing it with him, set out for the Channel.

STEVE had been swimming about half an hour when he first heard the voices. Quickly he ducked his head into the keg, letting his body sink below the surface. The tide moved him slowly along as he held himself quite still, his nerves tense with the fear of light or shots from the shore at any instant. He never knew how long the time was until he had floated past the men who talked in German on the bank, nor could he, in the con-

DON'T TRUST HIM BABY HE'S A SLIPPERY CUSTOMER!

BY KATY

fines of the keg, make out what they said. But at last he was past them. The crash of the heavy guns sounded and he raised his head.

The guns exploded again, and as he saw the orange flashes flame from their muzzles, his heart gave a great leap.

The flashes were behind him! On Cape Gris-Nez. He was out in the open Channel at last.

Steve shoved the keg away with a farewell pat, as of one taking leave of a good friend. He took his bearings from the gun flashes that split the darkness behind him, knowing that as long as he could see them he would be able to keep an accurate course for Dover. He settled down into the powerful long steady stroke that had twice almost taken him across the twenty-one miles of water that lay between him and England. He began the count toward the first thousand strokes:

“One stroke, two strokes, three strokes . . .”

And now he was nearly home. For the past two hours, since he had first felt the gentle shove of tide against his chest—a shove that had become a menacing force pushing him back toward the France he had left fourteen hours earlier—he had swum with the tired desperation of a man who cannot quit. In all that time he had heard no plane, seen no patrol boats. They were not looking for him. He was twenty-four hours late!

The blazing sun that had blistered him had given way to dark storm clouds, then a squally rain that beat, now, against his face. It came in blinding gusts that obscured his vision, forced him, with the tide, away from his goal.

THE last two hours had been endless ages of hellish heartbreak. When, completing his thousand strokes against the tide, he did tread water, cup a hand over his eyes against the rain, he could not tell whether he was off Dover breakwater or Kingsdown Beach, or whether he was actually losing distance and the treadmill fight against tide and wind. His ankle was numb and stiff, his strokes often weak and wild. And he seemed to be getting nowhere.

Once the tide shifted, got behind him, he would have an ally that would carry him ashore. But he was so tired that he was not sure he could go on.

He had failed twice before. That seemed unimportant now. But this time . . .

As he began another series of weak strokes, he felt something warm against his cheeks. He was crying. Crying in the bitter, futile rage of a man who knows but will not admit that he is finished. And he *was* through. He had called upon the last dregs of an exhausted strength—and there was no more.

It would be so restful to drown. He'd done his human best!

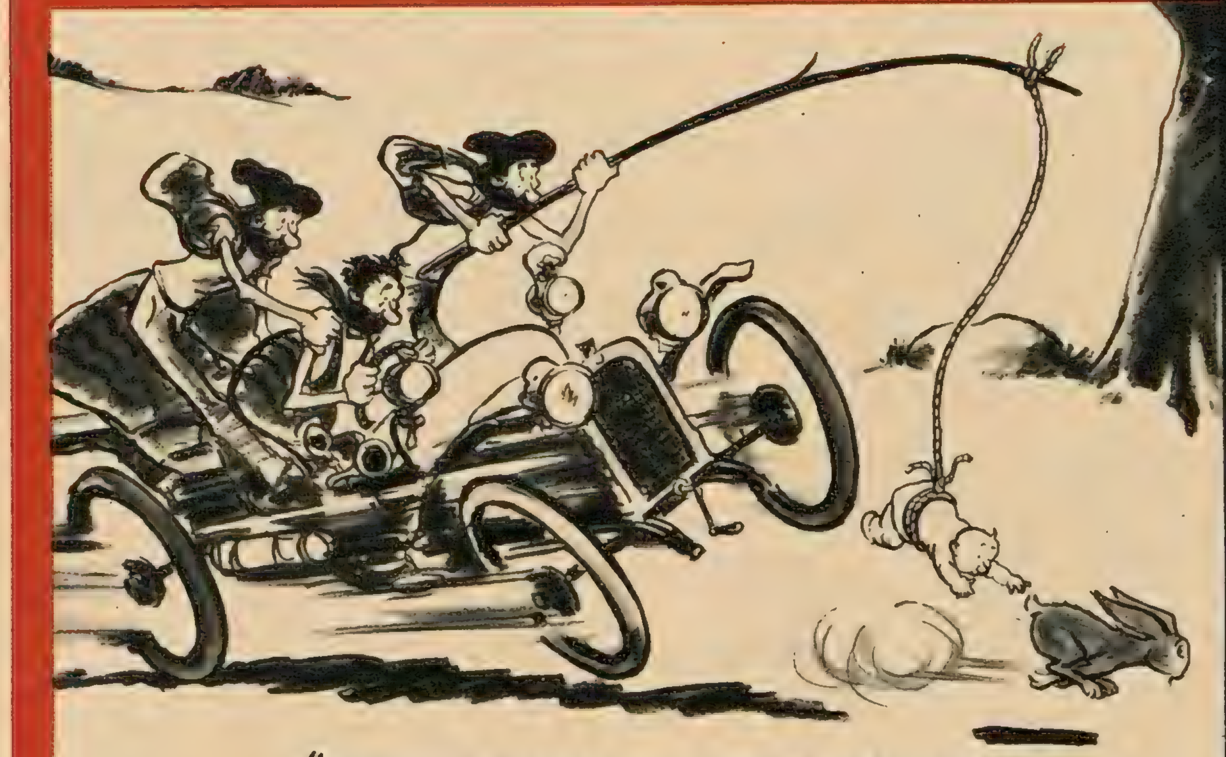
His head sank beneath the waves and he gulped a mouthful of salt water and bobbed up in the rain-drenched Channel surface gagging and retching, peering blankly shoreward. Was Kingsdown Beach ahead? He couldn't see through the rain. Kingsdown Beach—where he had met Pat. He would have liked to have told Pat, before he drowned, that he loved her. But now it was too late. He would never see her again. The Channel had beaten him. He had failed—he had failed Pat, and Sir Emory, and England.

The blackness was settling down when he felt it—the shifting tide—*behind* him this time, helping him. He forced his eyes open and saw a dim light line ahead. A strip of English sand! The shore!

Automatically he began to swim rhythmically, to count again.

Dimly Steve realized that something was wrong, that he wasn't moving and counting. He struggled desperately to move his arms, to open

AUTO-LITE SPARK PLUGS
IGNITION ENGINEERED



"GOSH, WILLIE — SINCE WE GIVE THE OLD CAR THET 'PLUG-CHEK' ONCLE RAFE AIN'T MISSED A ONE!"

HOW PLUG-CHEK HELPS PEP-UP SLUGGISH, GAS-WASTING ENGINES

Yes, the Mountain Boys know what to do when cars are hard to start, sluggish on the road. It's time for "Plug-Chek" inspection service — helps spot gas and power-wasting plugs, shows you what to do about spark-weary engines. Simply cleaning and regapping your present plugs may cut dollars off your gas bills. Stop for a "Plug-Chek" today.

THE ELECTRIC AUTO-LITE COMPANY
Merchandising Division
Toledo, Ohio • Sarnia, Ontario

AUTO-LITE "PLUG-CHEK" INDICATOR

Color and condition tell if plugs are operating properly. Matching your plugs with those illustrated on the "Plug-Chek" is first step in restoring new life to spark-weary engines.

IN ITS 26 GREAT MANUFACTURING DIVISIONS, AUTO-LITE IS PRODUCING FOR AMERICA'S ARMED FORCES ON LAND, SEA AND IN THE AIR

his eyes. Something was holding him down. It was dark. He fought through a whirl of rushing sound that swooped down at him and then receded. He opened his eyes to a glare of light that burned them, hearing indistinctly a voice that cut through the turmoil:

"Armine! Armine! Can you hear me?"

Painfully Steve tried to focus his eyes. The face of the man bent over him was a wavering blur against a lighter background. Then memory rushed back into his brain with an impact that set all the sounds to swirling again. Weak and tired, he opened his mouth, tried to speak. Only an unintelligible croak came forth.

"Drink this. Here!" Another voice. Something hot that burned pleasantly was poured down his throat. Steve swallowed weakly, gasped. The blurred shape before his aching eyes became Sir Emory's face. Slowly Steve saw walls behind the face and something white that moved became the hazy shape of another man in a white gown.

"You're in the hospital in Dover," Sir Emory said quickly in answer to the question in the drawn face—and smiled. "Yes. You made it this time. I guess the devil drove all right."

Steve spoke in a rasping whisper that Sir Emory had to bend close to hear.

"How long—have I been here?"

"You crawled out onto the beach about two hours after sunset last night. The sentries thought you were a survivor from some ship that had been sunk—but you kept saying my name over and over. As soon as the officer on duty saw you he telephoned me in London—I'd notified them to be on the lookout for you. I've been waiting all night for the doctor to say you can talk."

Painfully Steve croaked out his report. As he finished he vaguely heard Sir Emory say something to the doctor about decorations and a magnificent exploit, but he did not care. All he thought, as he sank blissfully back to sleep, was that he didn't have to keep on counting and swimming, swimming and counting, any more.

STEVE ARMINE, limping slightly, walked down the dusty War Office corridor and shoved open the door of the Cipher Room. Before he was more than one step inside the entrance, his chief, seated at the desk nearest the door, was speaking impatiently.

"About time you got back, Armine," he snapped. "You've been gone a week—and this office is understaffed anyway. Suppose they've had you fooling around wasting your time over some unimportant scheme while things that really matter don't get done. Here—take these and get to work."

Steve reached for the bundle of papers the other was extending to him, only to have them knocked scattering from his hands as Pat Wallace almost threw him off balance with the force of her impetuous arrival from her desk. The next instant, before Steve quite knew how it had happened, she was in his arms, kissing him and holding him tightly.

"Steve darling! Are you all right? I asked where you were and they wouldn't tell me a thing—I've been so frightened—"

The papers lay unheeded as Steve, bewildered by Pat's rush of words, at least retained presence of mind enough to return her kisses thoroughly and with interest. It was some minutes later before the two, returning to their senses, moved apart and looked about them. From every side of the room members of the staff gazed at them in horrified disapproval; Pat gasped as she met the chief's chilly eyes. Steve sought wildly for something to say to break the shattering silence, but it was the chief who spoke, through compressed lips.

"After this—this regrettable exhibition," he said acidly, "I suggest that you two avail yourselves at once of your fifteen-minute luncheon period. When you return I trust you will be able to apply yourselves to your work. That is all."

Steve's face was crimson as he grabbed up the scattered papers, shoved them pell-mell onto his superior's desk, and burst out of the door to find Pat already in the corridor. Promptly, and to the shocked surprise of several passing clerks, he took her in his arms again.

"Darling," he began, when he had finished kissing her, "you know I love you—and it's wonderful to know you love me. But why were—" He broke off suddenly, looking anxiously down at her smiling face. "You *do* love me, don't you?"

"Of course, you idiot!"

"Well, why were you so worried about me? I mean, you didn't know what I was doing or any—"

"MY darling Steve, when they had the worst air raid of the war on Dover the night you left here, and I couldn't find out a word about you or if you were safe, wouldn't you expect me to be worried?"

"Oh," said Steve, "oh—yes, of course, the air raid. I—I—missed that."

"A fine thing," declared Pat indignantly, stepping out of his arms. "Leading me on into losing my maidenly modesty and showing the whole office I loved you! And you weren't even in danger the whole time!"

"That's right," said Steve. "Why, the last five days I've just been sitting around eating and drinking and taking life easy."

Pat looked quizzically up at him.

"My lad," she declared, "I've known you long enough to know when you're lying. I'll find out sooner or later what you've been up to—and meanwhile I'll try to keep things from being too dull for you around this poky old office."

"Darling," said Steve, and the long slow grin she loved began to spread over his face, "I give you my word that things can't be too dull around here to suit me!"

THE END

GIRL FRIEND? All you said was bring a FRIEND!

Your Car is a National Asset —Save it for the Duration!

To help keep your irreplaceable car in condition, we suggest three things:

1. Make sure you are not misunderstood when you order PennZoil motor oil.
2. Protect your engine by changing oil regularly. Use the next heavier grade from now through Summer.
3. Protect your entire car by lubricating it regularly and otherwise giving it the attention it needs.

This will *save oil*, a vital Victory weapon . . . *keep your engine cleaner*, reducing wear to a minimum . . . *provide an extra margin of safety* for any driving conditions.

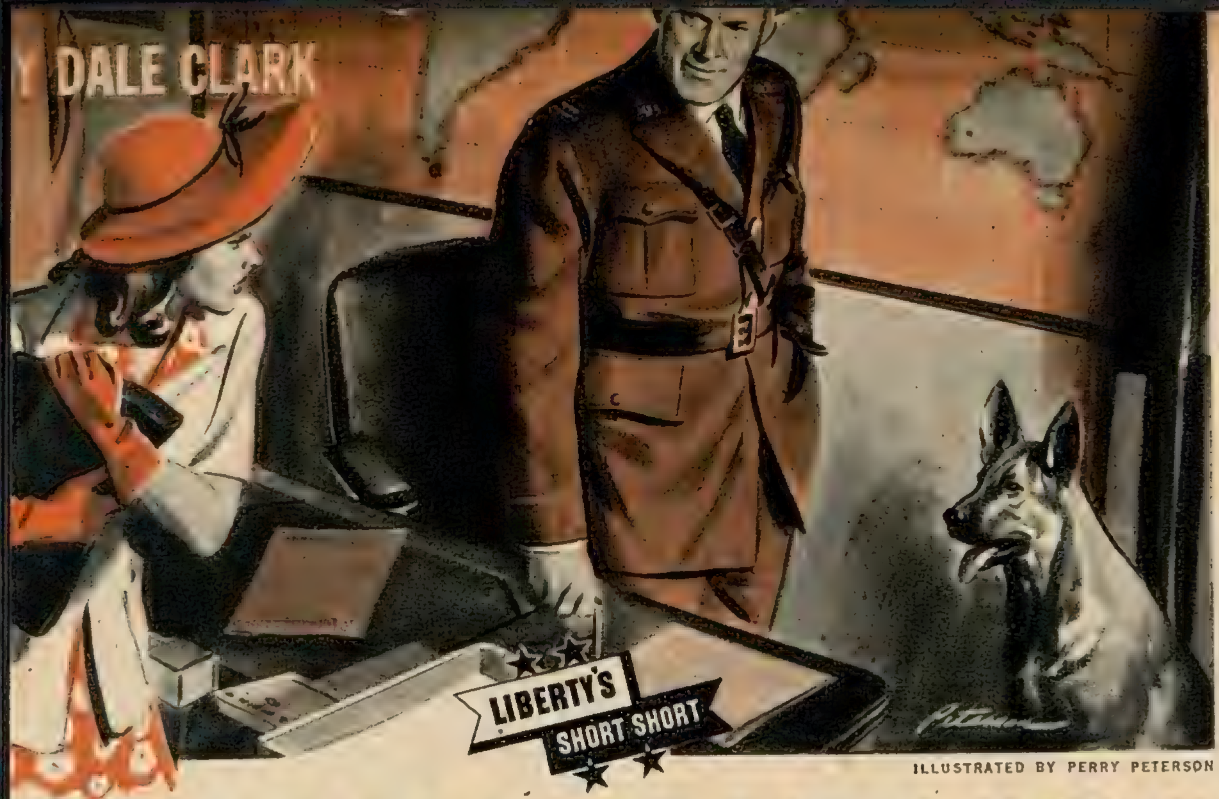
For both PennZoil motor oil and lubricants, stop at the yellow oval sign — and sound your Z!

MISTAKES WILL HAPPEN! SO . . . FOR LONG CAR LIFE BE SURE YOU—SOUND YOUR Z

PENNZOIL

LET'S GO! U.S.A. KEEP 'EM FLYING!

SOUND YOUR Z
100% Pure Pennsylvania
PENNZOIL
Safe Lubrication



ILLUSTRATED BY PERRY PETERSON

THE LADY FROM LUZON

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

"QUIET, Hero," murmured Captain Lord. He stood up behind his desk as the young woman entered the Chief Censor's office. "Yes, Miss Garrant?"

The sentry from the corridor outside put down a leather case that might have contained a portable typewriter, saluted, and withdrew. Pauline Garrant thanked him. Her smile faded as she looked toward the desk.

"Why, what's wrong?" asked Captain Lord.

"The—the dog."

"Hero? He won't hurt you. Hero's an institution of ours—left here by an officer now on duty abroad."

"Oh, I'm sure he wouldn't bite. It's just that I'm allergic to dogs. If I stay five minutes in a room with one, I get the red-eyed sniffles." She sighed.

Captain Lord had heard of such allergies. He closed a hand on the collar of the quiet police dog. "Come along, old fellow." After escorting Hero into the corridor, he returned and lifted a window sash.

"Now—?" he asked.

"I want to send a message to Manila, and I hoped you'd help me."

She was an attractive blonde, and her smile now was not impersonal. Nevertheless, Captain Lord felt a twinge of annoyance. He was a busy man, and she was only a cocktail-party acquaintance. Moreover, she did not need his assistance, as she could have learned for herself downstairs.

"The routine is perfectly simple," he said. "Mail addressed to occupied territory is handled through the Red Cross. Your name and address should appear on both envelope and enclosure. Write in English—"

"But it isn't so simple," she interrupted. "Tag Along can't read—English or any other language."

"Tag Along?"

"That's a nickname, really. I couldn't pronounce his real name when I was a child. He'd been our number one house boy since before I was born. But, to get up to date"—she moistened her lips—"mother and I were evacuated in the last boat leaving Manila. My father stayed behind. You know all that, I think."

Captain Lord had heard it at the cocktail party. He looked up quickly. "You've heard from your father?"

"That's what I want to write Tag Along about," she sighed. "Only, as I told you, he can't read."

"He could surely find some one to read your letter to him."

"No-o. That way seems so cold, so distant—hearing it through a third party. My mother and I thought of something much better. If you'll help us, Captain Lord."

She opened a large handbag. "A phonograph record!" he exclaimed.

"Yes. A home recording. If there's any way it could be sent—if the regulations would permit. But, please," she implored, "hear it before you decide. I brought along a portable player."

She turned eagerly to the leather case. The captain lifted the phonograph to the desk. A moment later her voice issued from the whirling record:

"Dear, good old friend, this is little Polly speaking to you from far-off America. Mummy and I want you to know we arrived safely. We want to thank you a million times—"

The next few words were lost to Captain Lord in the sounds of a body thumping against the door—a low, excited bark—an eager whine. "Hero!" he said sharply. "Quiet, fellow! Sentry, keep him quiet."

Her recorded voice ran on: "Daddy's last letter praised you highly, Tag Along. You were very loyal, and very foolish, to stay after the other servants left. The house wasn't worth your life to us, no matter how many fire bombs fell on it. But today a letter came from Australia—from a man who escaped from the hospital where daddy was taken."

Captain Lord stared at her. She gazed fixedly at the phonograph. The voice trembled a little now. "The letter told us all," it continued, "how you went to that dreadful place to be at his bedside day and night. How you were with him at the end—how the last word he whispered was your name—"

There was a gasp, a tiny sob, and then for a long second the needle ran all but silently in its groove.

"Some day," the voice resumed, "when all this is all over, we mean to do all in our power to repay you. Dear, good, faithful Tag Along, we pray that this finds you safe. Good-by, Tag Along, and God bless you."

Captain Lord lifted the needle.

"It would mean so much to him," she said. "So much more than a letter."

He lowered the lid of the player. "Yes," he said. "You can leave this? I will see what can be done."

In the corridor outside, a troubled-faced sentry released Hero's collar.

"I'm sorry, sir. I had to hang on by main force. He just seemed to take a crazy spell, sir."

Captain Lord looked searchingly at the dog. "Poor Hero—a sixth sense can be a tragic thing sometimes," he told Pauline Garrant. "His master was in the Orient when the war started. You see, Hero and Tag Along have something in common."

"Then you understand!" she cried. "You'll do everything possible?"

"My utmost. Have you a luncheon engagement, Miss Garrant? Then perhaps we could meet at Scharff's. I may have news for you."

WHEN he walked into Scharff's, she was waiting in a balcony booth. "Odd," he said as he joined her. "There's a dog in the booth behind us. Your sniffles hadn't warned you?"

She looked taken aback, then smiled through a flush. "I should have told you. Police dogs are the worst—"

"This one *is* a police dog—a bloodhound. May I present Sergeant Corey of the War Duty Office?"

Her smile became fixed and unreal as she stared at the two men. "I don't get it—" she began harshly.

Captain Lord lifted a palm. "Your Tag Along was a marvelous invention—and so was the idea of sending a code message by means of sound pitched too high for the human ear, and yet capable of being recorded and reproduced electrically."

She sprang to her feet. "You're crazy! How in the world could I—"

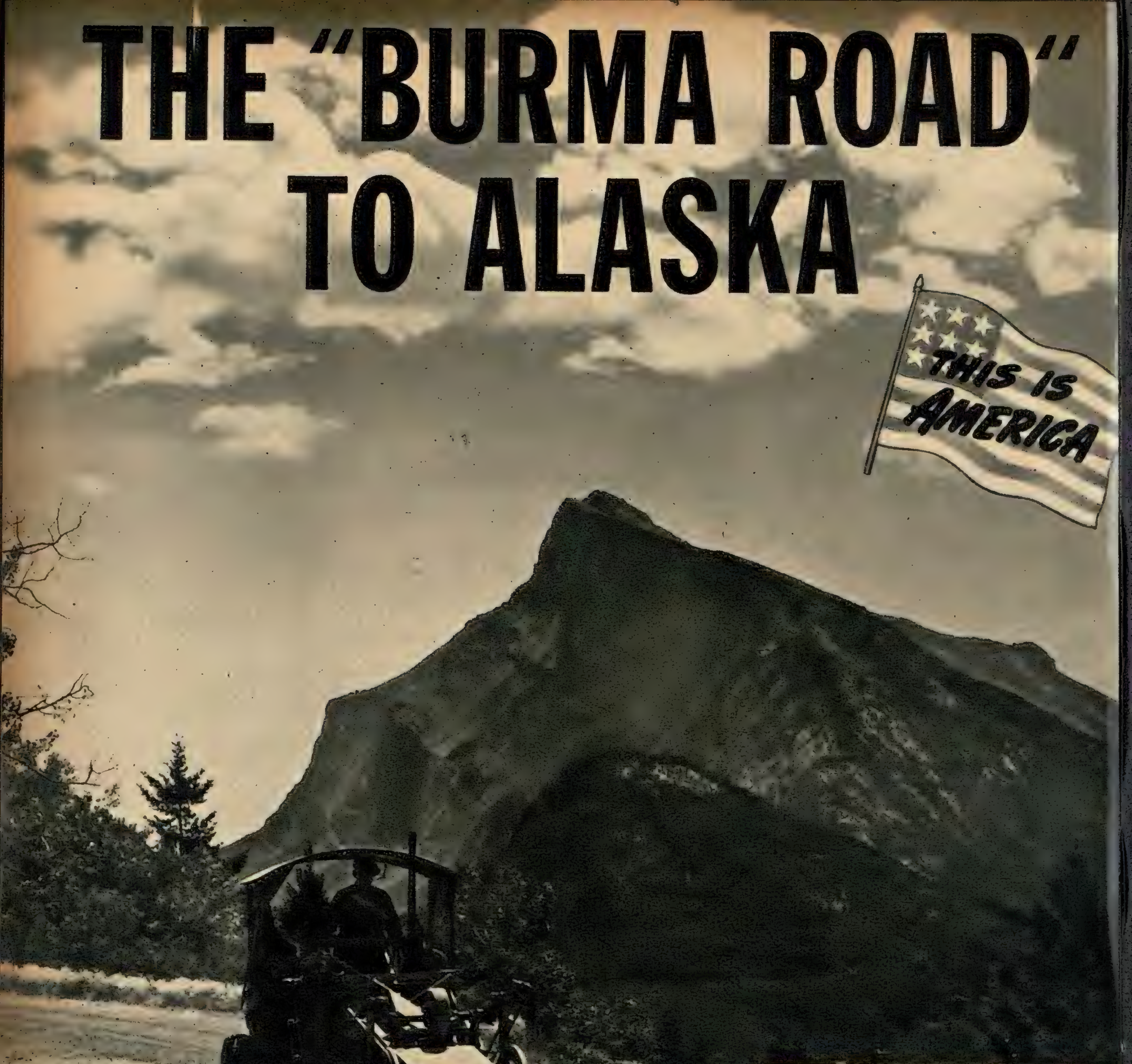
"A photo-electric visual reproduction of a phonograph record's sound track cannot be crazy. How? It was very simple. While you made the recording, the accomplice you called 'Mummy' stood by blowing the code message into one of those so-called silent whistles which a man can't hear but a dog can. It's your hard luck that his old master was accustomed to calling Hero with just such a patent whistle."

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1942; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

THE "BURMA ROAD" TO ALASKA

THIS IS AMERICA



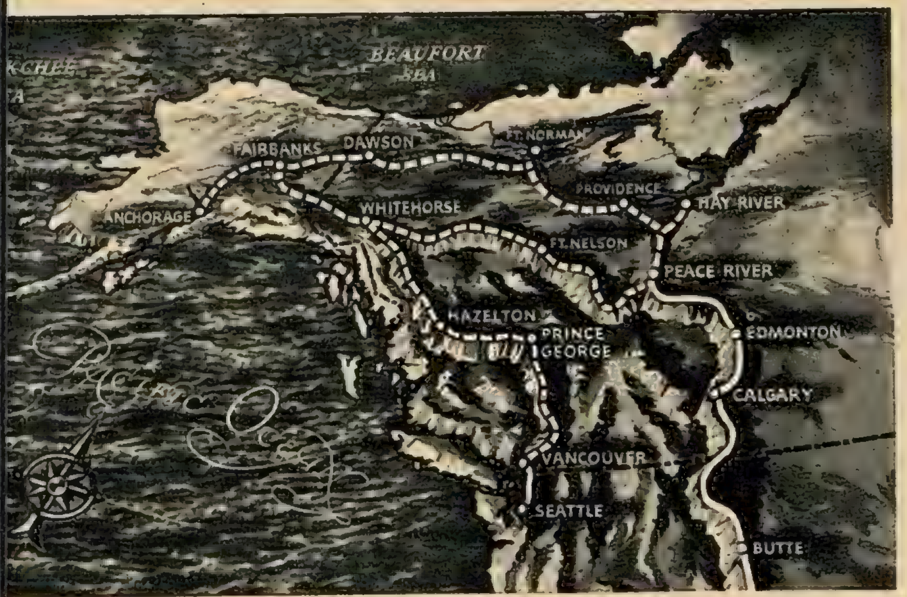
North of Edmonton, five hundred miles of road like this is already built, opening the way to the rich and fertile Peace River District of Alberta Province.

She mans a farm
the road near Edn

io station at Fort Nelson, British Columbia.

The road will end his isolation.

A meat cache along the proposed highway to Alaska.


RCHEE
BEAUFORT SEA
FAIRBANKS
DAWSON
FT. NORMAN
PROVIDENCE
HAY RIVER
ANCHORAGE
WHITEHORSE
FT. NELSON
PEACE RIVER
HAZELTON
PRINCE GEORGE
EDMONTON
CALGARY
VANCOUVER
SEATTLE
BUTTE

HE safety of the American continent depends in part on the strong defense of Alaska in case of enemy invasion. That is why Ottawa and Washington are rking on plans to build a highway to this northern tpost. The dotted lines on the map above show some the routes proposed. Military authorities are said to vor the one which would touch Fort Norman and go through Dawson to Fairbanks. The Norman oil fields, gether with additional supplies from fields near Calgary d Edmonton, would make the road "self-fueling," and uld enable huge stores of gasoline and fuel oils to poured into Alaska in case of need. The photographs ow the country through which such a road would pass.

Horses and machinery are now taken northward by air.

The road will bring modern conveniences to farm women.

plows till rich grainland in northern Alberta.

The highway will take travelers to scenic beauty like this in the Yukon.

TO THE LADIES

MACY'S BRIDE'S SHOP PHOTO

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

THIS year's June bride takes three lunch hours off to buy her trousseau, and she does her shopping alone. In times of peace she used to put in three months at it, accompanied by mother, sisters, aunts. Now all womenfolk are busy with jobs or war work, so the June bride has to step lively, too. . . . Forty dollars is the average price she pays for her white satin gown and wedding veil. Best veiling still comes from England. . . . White satin is clung to chiefly by girls marrying sailors or soldiers who soon may be sent to fight far away from home. The bride who sets up housekeeping near her bridegroom's camp in this country prefers to get married in a simple light-colored dinner dress she can wear later on. This rule is followed widely by girls marrying officers, among whom all evening functions are apt to be dressy. The navy is dressier than the army. . . . Since a war bride's newlywed nest will be temporary, she doesn't want furniture. Pots and pans she wants, and sheets and pillowcases. Place mats instead of damask tablecloths—easier to launder. Apart from her wedding outfit, her trousseau consists largely of undies and a few house dresses. Negligees less frilly, more suitable for traveling. No elaborate clothes, because she isn't going to be out in society much.

Madelene Tamblyn, manager of Macy's Bride's Shop, gave me the above information about the trousseau of 1942. "Forget yellow dresses for bridesmaids," she said. "The army needs all yellow dyes to make khaki cloth. Our store presents a traditional blue garter with every bridal gown—but the elastic is growing scarce." . . . Girls rush up to Miss Tamblyn on the street. "Help me," they say. "My fiancé and I were going to be married next week, but now he has orders to go. Please get my wedding dress ready for tomorrow morning!"

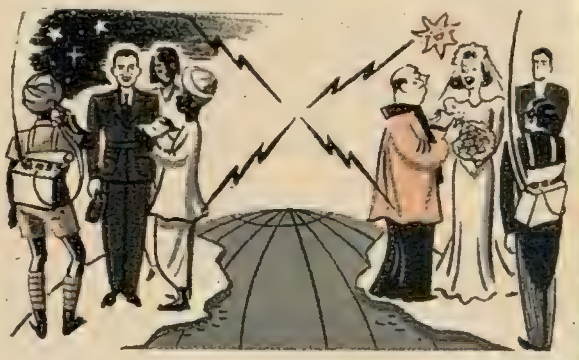
PROBABLY you read the recent Associated Press newspaper story about Ida West getting married by radio in Bowman, South Carolina, to Air Corps Captain Francis Newton Culler of the United States army in Karachi, India. Interested in the technique of such telegraphic nuptials, I asked Western Union how they work. To begin with, I learned they have been going on fifty years or more. You need a clergyman and two witnesses in each telegraph office, at both ends of the line. Line is kept open throughout the wedding service—fifteen to twenty minutes. Difference between American time and Asiatic time caused a funny situation in the Culler-West match. Bride's marriage day was the 5th of the month; bridegroom's was the 4th.

WEDDING GIFT SUGGESTIONS: Army and navy brides buy inexpensive china for war years, but they appreciate real keepsakes. Place plates or cups and saucers of the American State Flowers series are remindful of home ($15 a dozen). . . . Pair of modern crystal decanters in the pinch shape (about $12). . . . Album of five gypsy-tune records for languorous nights ($5.50). . . . Blue Ridge salad set; bowl, servers, and platter of cream china with pink and blue chrysanthemums (about $5). . . . South American recipes printed, with pictures, on kitchen towels (around $5 a dozen). I quote approximate prices because they vary slightly in different localities. . . . Very new Flexglass table mats—little mirrors mounted on felt ($2 to $3 per mat). . . . Watch in brown, green, or blue calfskin with slots for snapshots ($4). . . . Collapsible rack of steel and plastic for drying stockings, lingerie, etc., in bathroom (under $1).

THOUGHTFUL gift book for serious times: Manuel Komroff's new novel based on the life of Christ—In the Years of Our Lord. (Published by Harper & Brothers. $2.50.)

TRUE comedy thriller from a Southern army camp: Bridegroom and best man are artillery lieutenants. Driving to the church, they saw a car plunge in a pond. In they jumped to the rescue, fishing out another lieutenant who had been too hastily on his way to *his* wedding. It doesn't symbolize anything—except, perhaps, that our boys and girls are lucky.

SATISFACTION at a wedding buffet is demanded by appetites as well as eyes. For the main dish consider *Chicken Sherry Cream Ring* with a cooked vegetable salad and green mayonnaise. Looks pretty, and it's real food! . . . Use 4 cups cooked chicken diced and chilled; 1 cup shredded ham. Have ring mold lightly oiled. Mix 2 cups chicken broth with 2 cups canned cream-of-mushroom soup, 3 tablespoons gelatin, 3 tablespoons sherry wine, 1 teaspoon celery seed, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, and, for the pink color, 1 tablespoon tomato purée dissolved in consommé. Let liquid and gelatin become cool and half set before adding chicken and shredded ham. Pour into mold, which has first been decorated with slices of stuffed olives. Keep in refrigerator overnight. Turn out on large platter. Surround with quartered hard-boiled eggs and peeled tomato quarters. For the salad mix equal quantities cooked vegetables and mayonnaise, adding enough finely chopped raw spinach to color light green.



CREDIT screen stars Barbara Stanwyck and Penny Singleton for starting two wartime fashions—one each. Barbara wears blackout shoes with eyelets that glow in the dark. Penny gardens her Victory vegetable patch with transparent pliofilm overalls over her slacks—isinglass pants, you might say.

TOUGHEST GUY IN WASHINGTON

Continued from page 13

Operating Deficit
New Supply - All Types
UNITED NATIONS STOCKPILE AND DEFICIT
Stock Deficit
AND DEFICIT

He tells the Senate Defense Investigating Committee what the rubber shortage will mean.

underwear—is what the well dressed Price Administrator wears whether he is receiving a magazine writer or a member of the British ministry.

He doesn't sit still when he is talking. He walks from chair to chair, pausing at each with one foot planted on the seat while he delivers himself of an opinion, and then marching over to another. He can chew vigorously on a whole nickel package of gum while puffing furiously at a cigar shaped something like a blimp. And it smells like a burning blimp, too.

Leon Henderson was born in Millville, a small hamlet in southern New Jersey, just forty-seven years ago. His father, Chester Bowen Henderson, was district fire warden in the New Jersey State Forest Service, and a consistent voter of the straight Republican ticket. His mother, who was Lida C. Beebe, was no society dame. Anything Leon wanted beyond his meals and clothing he had to earn, and once he reached high school and had to make an impression, he sold a hundred pieces of laundry bluing from door to door to earn himself a nickeled watch. He was a four-letter man in high-school athletics, and so good at baseball that he partially earned his way through college playing semi-pro shortstop. He matriculated at the University of Pennsylvania, switched to Swarthmore, and then went back to U. of P. for his master's degree. He paid his way by selling stationery, minding babies, and umpiring ball games or refereeing boxing bouts.

THE war interrupted Henderson's college career. He enlisted as a buck private in ordnance and wound up as a captain in the same branch of service, working on the Baruch War Industries Board. After the armistice he worked his passage to Europe, pedaled around the Continent on a secondhand bike, then worked his way home again, and went back to college.

Leon started out as a teacher, first at the Wharton School of Finance and then at Carnegie Tech. During the Pinchot administration in Pennsylvania, from 1923 to 1925, Henderson was deputy secretary of the Commonwealth and held three other jobs on one salary. From 1925 to 1934 he was director of remedial loans for the Russell Sage Foundation and fought loan sharks back and forth across the United States. At thirty he married Myrlie Hamm of Harrisburg. They have three children, the oldest twelve; the son and youngest, four and a half.

In 1934 Henderson came to Washington to make some vigorous comment on NRA. He ran up against the late redoubtable General Hugh Johnson, and there ensued a duel in the use of sulphuric language such as the world hasn't heard before or since. Johnson surrendered, proclaimed that he would rather have Henderson fighting for him than against him, and invited Leon to help run NRA's statistical and economical problems. When the Blue Eagle died, Henderson became economic adviser to the Senate Committee on Manufactures, then consulting economist for WPA, executive secretary of the Temporary National Economy Committee. Roosevelt promoted him to the Securities and Exchange Commission to keep Wall Street hog-tied, and then came war in Europe, the formation of the first of the government's preparedness agencies, and Leon went from one to its successor, and now you know what he is doing. Or trying to do. Betweentimes he was hollering for an embargo on scrap-steel shipments to Japan, telling anybody who would listen (and too few did) that the United States had to arm itself to the teeth because it was going to be dragged into the war willy-nilly. He was so anti-Axis that the smear artists had small trouble in labeling him Communist.

Right now Henderson is squarely in the middle of the task of keeping the national price structure intact. He is getting himself in wrong with labor, which condemns wage-fixing; for lack of something else to kick, the business men with depleted stocks and rationing and price-fixing are taking it out on Leon. He has been in a feud with Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau because he thinks taxes ought to be higher. In fact, he has been scrapping on and off with seven of the ten Cabinet departments while trying to keep the public supplied with as much as possible at the lowest obtainable price without curtailing military needs.

"And when we do have complete rationing on top of price-fixing, what then?" he mourns. "There will be bootlegging in the rationed or prohibited articles. It has already begun in automobiles and tires and sugar. The ration coupons will be forged and counterfeited. Boy, is this going to be a headache! Rationing sugar is a cinch. The government can control the output of a relatively few refineries. But shoes and clothing and all the other articles that will have to be divided up evenly—br-r-r-r!

"The railroad companies and Coordinator Eastman are sore at me because they can't have all the material and production they need—and they need it—for locomotives and rails and rolling stock. But the tanks and cannons and ships must come first. The railroad brotherhoods are mad because they can't get higher wages. The oil companies are peeved because they can't be allowed to make full recovery through prices for the expense they've been put to in meeting tanker losses and freight charges.

"We have had to do something about rent-gouging, too, where state and municipal laws are not adequate and landlords take advantage of the shortage in housing to profiteer.

"I have to make nothing but adverse decisions, and I haven't any political prize packages to hand out, and I can't soft-soap anybody. Give the people eight ounces of sugar a week and they won't be happy for having that much; they'll beef about the twenty-four ounces they are not getting. My job is to take away from nearly everybody the things they are accustomed to having and think they have a right to procure, war or no war.

"WELL, maybe it isn't that bad. The great majority are taking the restrictions like good sports and sound patriots. But the minority can turn on an awful lot of heat."

He paused while a messenger laid his drugstore lunch on the desk.

"It will take about eighty million dollars to set up, staff, and administer the control system," he went on. "The boys in both wings of Congress will have to vote the appropriation. A lot of them will think it is all wrong if some of that pile of money isn't used to help them get re-elected by putting their friends on the payroll. Good Democrats, too."

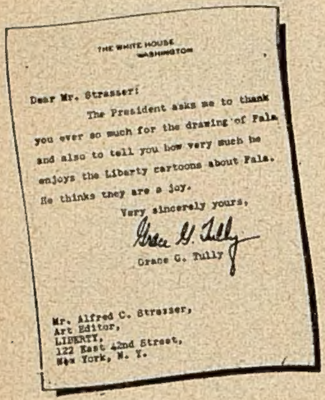
He picked up a sandwich, and then it was he said, "I don't expect to last long in this job, but I'm going to last as long as I can."

THE END

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

FALA, WHO MOSTLY INHABITS the southeast corner of this page, gets mention up here this week because of a special circumstance. He has been the subject of communiqués from the White House, and is pretty set up about it.

First Stephen Early, Secretary to the President, wrote to a member of Liberty's staff: "The President has asked me to tell you that he loves the cartoons of Fala—they are a joy." Then the original of Alan Foster's first picture in the Fala series was presented to President Roosevelt, and we had this report from Washington Correspondent Walter Karig: "The presentation of the Fala picture was a great success. F. D. R. said he doted on the cartoon series and was 'circulating them around.' He asked me to bring the artist in to see him, and then said: 'I am going to start a special Fala wing in the Hyde Park library, and this picture will be the nucleus of it, and I wish you would put my brand on the rest of the originals so I can have a whole line of them on the wall.' I offered the guess that the wing would contain the first rug Fala chewed up and his first license tag, so we all laughed and no comment from F. D. R. Then he asked how long the series was going to run, and I said oh, indefinitely, because it was a hell of a good feature, and then F. D. said be sure to save him the good ones, and Winston Churchill came on the phone."



THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

Dear Mr. Strasser:

The President asks me to thank you ever so much for the drawing of Fala and also to tell you how very much he enjoys the Liberty cartoons about Fala. He thinks they are a joy.

Very sincerely yours,
Grace G. Tully
Grace G. Tully

Mr. Alfred C. Strasser,
Art Editor,
LIBERTY,
122 East 42nd Street,
New York, N. Y.

Finally, Liberty's Art Editor received the note pictured above, and that's the news to this moment.

This is all private and unofficial and off the record, of course, so don't mention it around. Fala thought you'd like to know. Matter of fact, there probably would be no living with him from now on if we hadn't told you.

SIX MONTHS IN THE WAR— six months since Pearl Harbor—have no more than started the United States on the road to victory. We know better now than we did on December 7 what modern warfare means. It is a business which demands our last ounce of effort and claims every one of us as partners. It is *our* business, therefore, to which the stirring message on page 43 of this issue refers. We don't habitually call special attention to advertisements; we *do* call special attention to this one. It is "a challenge to every young American" which every young American should read.

"IF IT ISN'T JUST ABOUT THE BEST bit of reporting to come out of the war, then I'll eat the well known hat," was a Liberty editor's comment on Cecil Brown's vivid narrative, When the Repulse Went Down (page 20, this week). "This is a great document," said another. If you have not read it, do so now. An experience awaits you. . . . Cecil Brown is a quiet chap, tall and lean; looks like an Englishman, but was born in Pennsylvania. Since the war started, adventure has pursued him—he has an uncanny flair for "being there when things happen." He was in Yugoslavia when the Nazis invaded that country. With Lieut. Col. Louis J. Fortier, American military attaché there, he started for Belgrade by automobile and made a thrill-packed trip which included repeated narrow escapes, threats by Croat soldiers, capture by the Germans and later release, and then escape to Budapest. Before that, broadcasting from Rome for the Columbia Broadcasting System, he had spoken too freely to please Fascist officialdom and had been expelled from Italy. Last fall, when the war scene began to shift to the Far East, he followed it to Singapore, from which port the Repulse, with him on board, sailed to its doom.

HIS STORY OF THAT speaks for itself. But there's a postscript. After his rescue Brown resumed his broadcasting from Singapore as CBS foreign correspondent, and history repeated itself. He spoke too freely. Again, as in Rome, he was barred from the air; so he took himself off to Australia. What a man!

THANK YOU, GOOD FRIENDS

Some weeks ago wartime conditions made it necessary for Liberty to do as many other magazines have done—raise its price. We asked you for ten cents a copy instead of five.

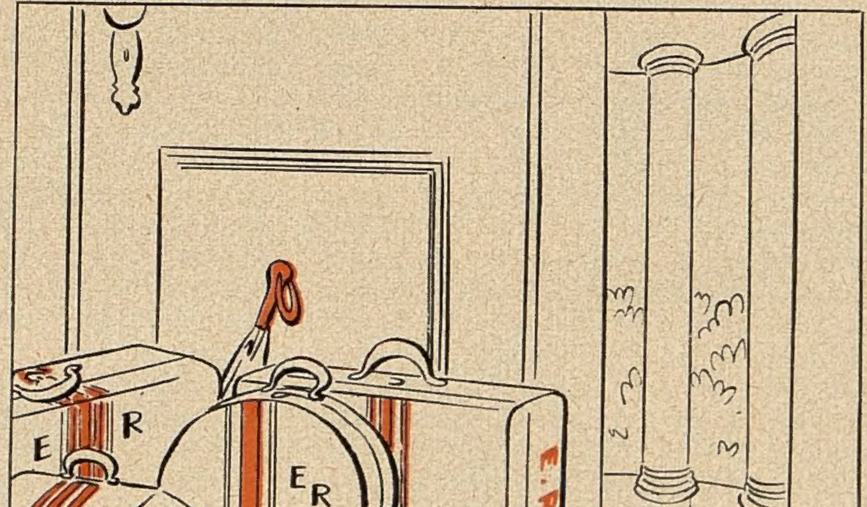
This is just a word of thanks. Not only have loyal readers stood by Liberty and continued to ask for Liberty at the stands—they have written us letters about their pleasure in doing so.

We are honored and grateful, and we feel that it puts us under an obligation to give you an even better magazine. That we pledge ourselves to do.

LIBERTY WELCOMES James Saxon Childers (Enemy Outpost, page 10) as a newcomer to its pages. He is the author of a long list of novels, and of Mumbo Jumbo, Esquire, one of the best books on Africa. Sometime a professor of English in Birmingham, Ala., he has a different job now. "I am with an expeditionary army that may be sent out of the country at any time," he writes us.

The Editors

FALA



"Going or coming, I wonder?"

Girl Scouts Serve Their Country

1912 - 1942

For thirty years the Girl Scouts have been training girls to be useful in emergencies as well as everyday living.

Today more than half a million girls are serving in both the protective and morale divisions of civilian defense.

In addition to regular Scouting, many older girls are taking intensive emergency training open to qualified Seniors who are more than fifteen years of age.

Thousands of girls who want Girl Scout training still lack leaders and sponsorship. Your local Girl Scout headquarters will be glad to tell you how you can help in this important defense work.

You Can Depend on the Scouts

GIRL SCOUTS, INC. • 155 EAST 44th STREET • NEW YORK CITY

***ADRIENNE AMES,** supervisor of canteen supplies for Bundles for Bluejackets, a division of "Bundles for America" which is supplying comforts to the men of the armed forces of the United States. No bundle for a man in the service is complete without the cigarette that satisfies.*

They Rate the Best
the cigarette that's Milder, Cooler, Better Tasting
Bundles for Bluejackets
Chesterfield
Cigarettes
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.
Chesterfield

No other cigarette can give you the smoking pleasure you get from Chesterfield's *can't-be-copied blend.* This right combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos leads all others in the three things you like best in a cigarette. It is definitely *Milder*, far *Cooler-Smoking* and lots *Better-Tasting.* *Get yourself a pack of Chesterfields today and try them.* They'll give you more smoking pleasure than you ever had before . . . *THEY SATISFY.*

ON THE NATION'S FRONT

It's Chesterfield

Copyright 1942, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.